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The Works of

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Volume XIX

Hamlet

Comedy of Errors

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HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Preface.

The Early Editions. The authorised text of *Hamlet* is based on (i.) a Quarto edition published in the year 1604, and (ii.) the First Folio version of 1623, where the play follows *Julius Cæsar* and *Macbeth*, preceding *King Lear*. The Quarto of 1604, has the following title-page:—

"THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET, | *Prince of Denmarke.* | By William Shakespeare. | Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much | againe as it was, according to the true and perfect | Coppie. | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his | shoppe vnder Saint Dunston's Church in | Fleetstreet. 1604" (*v.* No. 2 of Shakespere Quarto Facsimiles, issued by W. Griggs, under the superintendence of Dr. Furnival).

A comparison of the two texts shows that they are derived from independent sources; neither is a true copy of the author's manuscript; the Quarto edition, though very carelessly printed, is longer than the Folio version, and is essentially more valuable; on the other hand, the Folio version contains a few passages which are not found in the Quarto, and contrasts favourably with it in the less important matter of typographical accuracy (*vide* Notes, *passim*).

The two editions represent, in all probability, two distinct acting versions of Shakespeare's perfect text.

Quarto editions appeared in 1605, 1611, *circa* 1611-

1637, 1637; each is derived from the edition immediately preceding it, the Quarto of 1605 differing from that of 1604 only in the slightest degree.

The First Quarto. The 1604 edition is generally known as the Second Quarto, to distinguish it from a remarkable production which appeared in the previous year:—

"The | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET | *Prince of Denmarke* | By William Shake-speare. | As it hath beene diuerse timis acted by his Highnesse ser- | uants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two V- | niuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where | At London printed for N: L. and John Trundell. | 1603."

No copy of this Quarto was known until 1823, when Sir Henry Bunbury discovered the treasure in 'a small Quarto, barbarously cropped, and very ill-bound,' containing some dozen Shakespearian plays. It ultimately became the property of the Duke of Devonshire for the sum of £230. Unfortunately, the last page of the play was missing.

In 1856 another copy was bought from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, by a Dublin book-dealer, for one shilling, and sold by him for £70; it is now in the British Museum. In this copy the title-page is lacking, but it supplies the missing last page of the Devonshire Quarto.*

* In 1858 a lithographed facsimile was issued by the Duke, in a very limited impression. The first serviceable edition, and still perhaps the best, appeared in 1860, together with the Quarto of 1604, "*being exact Reprints of the First and Second Editions of Shakespeare's great Drama, from the very rare Originals in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; with the two texts printed on opposite pages, and so arranged that the parallel passages face each other. And a Bibliographical Preface by Samuel Timmins.* . . . Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this." Lithographic reprints were also issued by E. W. Ashbee and W. Griggs; the text is reprinted in the Cambridge Shakespeare, *etc.*

In connection with the publication of the 1603 Quarto, reference must be made to the following entry in the *Stationers' Registers*:—

"[1602] xxvj to Julij.

James Robertes. Entered for his Copie vnder the handes of master *Pasfield* and master *Waterson* Warden A booke called '*the Revenge of* HAMLETT *Prince* [*of*] *Denmarke*,' *as yt was lateli Acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his servants* . . . . vjd."

James Robertes, the printer of the 1604 edition, may also have been the printer of the Quarto of 1603, and this entry may have had reference to its projected publication; it is noteworthy that in 1603 "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants" became "The King's Players," and the Quarto states that the play had been acted "by His Highness' Servants." On the other hand, the entry may have been made by Roberts to secure the play to himself, and some "inferior and nameless printer" may have anticipated him by the publication of an imperfect, surreptitious, and garbled version, impudently offering as Shakespeare's such wretched stuff as this:—

"To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all: I all?
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an e'erlasting Judge;
From whence no passenger ever return'd,
The vndiscoured country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd."

The dullest poetaster could not have been guilty of this nonsense: a second-rate playwright might have put these last words in Hamlet's mouth:—

"Mine eyes haue lost their stght, my tongue his vse;
Farewell Horatio, heaven receive my soule:"

"The rest is silence"—Shakespeare's supreme touch is here.

A rapid examination of the First Quarto reveals the following among its chief divergences:—(i.) the difference in length; 2143 lines as against 3719 in the later Quarto; (ii.) the mutilation, or omission, of many passages "distinguished by that blending of psychological insight with imagination and fancy, which is the highest manifestation of Shakespeare's genius"; (iii.) absurd misplacement and maiming of lines; distortion of words and phrases; (iv.) confusion in the order of the scenes; (v.) difference in characterisation; *e.g.* the Queen's avowed innocence ("*But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven, I never knew of this most horrid murder*"), and her active adhesion to the plots against her guilty husband; (vi.) this latter aspect is brought out in a special scene between Horatio and the Queen, omitted in the later version; (vii.) the names of some of the characters are not the same as in the subsequent editions; *Corambis* and *Montano*, for *Polonius* and *Reynaldo*. What, then, is the history of this Quarto? In the first place it is certain that it must have been printed without authority; in all probability shorthand notes taken by an incompetent stenographer during the performance of the play formed the basis of the printer's "copy." Thomas Heywood alludes to this method of obtaining plays in the prologue to his *If you know not me, you know no bodie*:—

> "(*This*) *did throng the Seats, the Boxes, and the Stage*
> *So much, that some by Stenography drew*
> *The plot: put it in print:* (*scarce one word trew*)."

The main question at issue is the relation of this piratical version to Shakespeare's work. The various views may be divided as follows:—(i.) there are those who maintain that it is an imperfect production of an old *Hamlet* written by Shakespeare in his youth, and revised by him in his maturer years; (ii.) others contend that both the First and Second Quartos represent the same version, the difference between the two editions being due to carelessness and incompetence; (iii.) a third class holds, very

strongly, that the First Quarto is a garbled version of an old-fashioned play of *Hamlet*, written by some other dramatist, and revised to a certain extent by Shakespeare about the year 1602; so that the original of Quarto 1 represented Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in an intermediate stage; in Quarto 2 we have for the first time the complete metamorphosis. All the evidence seems to point to this third view as a plausible settlement of the problem; there is little to be said in favour of the first and second theories.

The Lost Hamlet. There is no doubt that a play on the subject of *Hamlet* existed as early as 1589, in which year there appeared Greene's *Menaphon*, with a prefatory epistle by Thomas Nash, containing a summary review of contemporary literature. The following passage occurs in his 'talk' with 'a few of our triviall translators':—

"It is a common practice now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every arte and thrive by none to leave the trade of *Noverint* (*i.e.* attorney) whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the endevours of art, that could scarcelie latinize their neck verse if they should have neede; yet English Seneca read by candlelight yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will afoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say Handfulls of tragical speaches. But O grief! *Tempus edax rerum;* what is it that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be drie; and Senaca, let bloud line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage." The play alluded to by Nash did not die to our stage till the end of the century; in Henslowe's *Diary* we find an entry:—"9. of June 1594. . . .

R[eceive]d at hamlet. viijs:"

the play was performed by the Lord Chamberlain's men, the company to which Shakespeare belonged.

"[Hate Virtue is] a foul lubber," wrote Lodge in *Wit's Miserie, and the World's Madness*, 1596, "and looks as pale as the wisard of the ghost, which cried so miserally at the theator, like an oyster-wife, *Hamlet revenge.*"*

In all probability Thomas Kyd was the author of the play alluded to in these passages; his probable authorship is borne out by Nash's subsequent allusion to "the Kidde in Æsope's fable," as also by the character of his famous *Spanish Tragedy.*† *Hamlet* and *The Spanish Tragedy* may well be described as twin-dramas;‡ they are both dramas of vengeance; the ghost of the victim tells

* Several other allusions occur during the early years of the seventeenth century, evidently to the older Hamlet, *e.g.* Dekker's *Satiromastix*, 1602 ("My Name's Hamlet revenge"); *Westward Hoe*, 1607 (Let these husbands play mad *Hamlet*; and cry *revenge*); Rowland's *The Night Raven*, 1618 ("I will not cry *Hamlet Revenge," etc.*). There is a comic passage in *the Looking Glass for London and England*, written by Lodge & Greene, probably before 1589, which strikes me as a burlesque reminiscence of the original of Hamlet, Act. I. Sc. ii. 184-240; Adam, the smith's man, exclaims thus to the Clown:—"Alas, sir, your father,—why, sir, methinks I see the gentleman still: a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard rat's colour, half black, half white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses," etc.

† *The Spanish Tragedy* and Kyd's other plays are printed in Dodsley's *Old Plays.* An interesting point in Kyd's biography (*vide Dict. Nat. Biog.*) is that his father was in all probability a sort of *Noverint.*

‡ So much so was this the case that "young Hamlet," and "old Hieronimo," were often referred to together, and the parts were taken by the same actors, *cp.* Burbadge's elegy:—

> "Young Hamlet, old Hieronimo,
> Kind Leir, the grieved Moore, and more beside
> That liv'd in him, have now for ever died:"

Occasionally the two plays were, I think, confused: thus, Armin in his *Nest of Ninnies* (1608) writes:—"There are, as Hamlet saies, things cald whips in store"; Hieronimo certainly says so in the most famous passage of the *Spanish Tragedy.*

his story in the one play as in the other; the heroes simulate madness; a faithful Horatio figures in each; a play-scene brings about the catastrophe in the Spanish Tragedy, even as it helps forward the catastrophe in Hamlet; in both plays Nemesis involves in its meshes the innocent as well as the guilty,—the perpetrators of the wrong and the instruments of vengeance. To this same class of drama belongs *Titus Andronicus*, and it is interesting to note that early in his career Shakespeare put his hand to a Hamletian tragedy.* Nash's reference to the Senecan character of the lost *Hamlet* receives considerable confirmation when one remembers that Kyd translated into English, from the French, Garnier's Senecan drama entitled *Cornelia*, and it is possible that even in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* we can still detect the fossil remains of Senecan moralisations which figured in the older play, and which were Kyd's reminiscences of Garnier.†

The German Hamlet. It is possible that although the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet* has perished, we have some portion of the play preserved in a German MS. version bearing the date, "Pretz, October 27th, 1710," which is probably a late and modernised copy of a much older manuscript. The play, entitled "*Der Bestrafte Brudermord oder: Prinz Hamlet aus Dännemark*" (*Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark*) was first printed in the year 1781, and has been frequently reprinted; the text, with an English translation, is given in Cohn's fascinating work, "*Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries: An account of English Actors in Germany and the Netherlands, and of*

* *Vide* Preface to *Titus Andronicus.*

† *e.g.* A thoroughly Senecan sentiment is the Queen's

> *'Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,*
> *Passing through nature to eternity;'*

It occurs almost verbatim in *Cornelia.*

the Plays performed by them during the same period" (London, 1865). The 'English Comedians' in all probability carried their play to Germany towards the end of the XVI. Century, when a rough German translation was made; but the earliest record of a performance of *Hamlet a Prus in Denmarcke*, by "the English actors" belongs to the year 1626.*

The intrinsic value of *Fratricide Punished* is small indeed, but two points of historical interest are noteworthy:—(i.) Polonius, as in the First Quarto, is here represented by Corambus, and (ii.) a prologue precedes the play, the persons represented therein being *Night, Alecto, Thisiphone, Megera*. A strong case can, I think, be made out for the view that this thoroughly Senecan Prologue represents a fragment of the pre-Shakespearian play to which Nash and others made allusion: herein lies the chief merit of this soulless and coarse production.

Date of Composition. This question has been indirectly touched upon in the previous paragraphs, and it follows from what has been said that the date of revision, as represented by the Second Quarto, may be fixed at about 1603, while the First Quarto, judging by the entry in the Stationers' Books, belongs to about 1601; at all events a version of *Hamlet*, recognised as Shakespeare's, was in existence before 1602. It is significant that the play is not mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. In the matter of the date of the play "the traveling of the players" (Act II. Sc. ii., 343, *etc.*) is of interest. It must be noted that we have three different forms of the passage in question:—(i.) the reason for the 'travelling'

* In connection with the subject of *Hamlet*, one must not forget the visit of Lord Leicester's servants to Denmark in 1585: Kempe, Bryan, and Pope, three of the company, subsequently joined the Chamberlain's company, and were actors in Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's remarkable knowledge of Danish manners and customs may have been derived from these friends of his.

in Quarto 1 is the popularity of a Company of Children; (ii.) in Quarto 2 "*their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation*"; (iii.) in the Folio (the reading in the text) both causes (i.) and (ii.) are combined.

Now it is known that (i.) in 1601 Shakespeare's Company was in disgrace, perhaps because of its share in the Essex Conspiracy; (ii.) that during this year the Children of the Chapel Royal were acting at Blackfriars; (iii.) that towards the end of the year the Globe Company were "travelling." Two views are possible, either that "*inhibition*" is used technically for "a prohibition of theatrical performances by authority"; and '*innovation*'= 'the political innovation,' or that *inhibition*='non-residence,' and '*innovation*' refers to the Company of Children (*vide* Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*; Fleay's *Chronicle History of the London Stage*).

Over and above these points of evidence in fixing the date there is the intimate connection of *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar*.*

The Source of the Story. The ultimate source of the plot of *Hamlet* is the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus (*i.e.* 'the Lettered'), Denmark's first writer of importance, who lived at the close of the twelfth century.† Saxo's Latinity was much admired, and even Erasmus wondered "how a Dane at that day could have such a force of eloquence." Epitomes in Latin and Low-German were made during the fifteenth century, and Saxo's materials were utilised in various ways, until at length

* *Vide* Preface to *Julius Cæsar*.

† There is an allusion to Hamlet in Icelandic literature some two hundred years before Saxo; and to this day "*Amlothe*" (*i.e. Hamlet*) is synonymous with '*fool*' among the folk there. The history of '*Hamlet in Iceland*' is of great interest (*vide* the *Ambalessaga*, edited by the present writer, by David Nutt). According to Zinzow and others the Saga is originally a nature-myth (*vide Die Hamletsage*).

the first printed edition appeared in the year 1514; a second was issued in 1534, and a third in 1576. The tale of Hamlet, contained in the third and fourth books, is certainly the most striking of all Saxo's mythical herostories, quite apart from its Shakespearian interest, and Goethe, recognising its dramatic possibilities, thought of treating the subject dramatically on the basis of Saxo's narrative. It is noteworthy that already in the fifteenth century the story was well known throughout the North, "trolled far and wide in popular song"; but its connexion with the English drama was due to the French version given in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*; the Hamlet story first apeared in the fifth volume, published in 1570, and again in 1581, 1582, 1591, *etc.* A black-letter English rendering is extant, but the date of the unique copy is 1608, and in certain points shows the influence of the play. There is no evidence that an earlier English version existed. The author of the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet*, and Shakespeare too, may well have read the story in Belleforest's *Histoires.** Few studies in literary origins are more instructive than to examine how the "rich barbarous tale" of the Danish historian has become transformed into the great soul-tragedy of modern literature. In Saxo's *Amleth* we have at least the frame-work of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*:—the murder of the father by a zealous uncle; the mother's incestuous marriage with the murderer; the son's feigned madness in order to execute revenge; these are the vague originals of Ophelia and Polonius; the meeting of mother and son; the voyage to England; all these familiar elements are found in the old tale. But the ghost, the play-scene, and the culmination of the play in the death of the hero as well as of the objects of his revenge, these

* To Mr. Oliver Elton, Prof. York Powell, and the Folk-Lore Society, we owe the first English rendering of the mythical portion of Saxo's work, and a valuable study of Saxo's sources (published by David Nutt, 1894).

are elements which belong essentially to the machinery of the Elizabethan Drama of vengeance. It is of course unnecessary to dwell on the subtler distinction between the easily understood Amleth and 'the eternal problem' of Hamlet.* Taine has said that the Elizabethan Renaissance was a Renaissance of the Saxon genius; from this point of view it is significant that its crowning glory should be the presentment of a typical Northern hero,—an embodiment of the Northern character;

"dark and true and tender is the North."

* A *resumé* of Hamlet criticism is given in Vol. II. of Furness' noble edition of the play (London and Philadelphia, 1877).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, is advised by the sentinels of the royal castle of Kronborg, at Elsinore, that an apparition strongly resembling his dead father had appeared on the battlements. Hamlet therefore resolves to encounter the spirit and learn from it, if possible, the true cause of his father's taking-off, about which the Prince has had many suspicions. He meets the Ghost at its next nightly visitation, and in an interview with it his worst fears are confirmed. The late King's brother Claudius, who has ascended the throne and wedded the widowed Queen, has poisoned the King while he slept. Hamlet is enjoined to secrecy and revenge, and the Ghost vanishes.

II. Because of the news and of the dread task to which he is commissioned, Hamlet is seized with a species of madness, largely feigned, whereby he may cloak his designs. He writes incoherent and passionate letters to his lady-love, Ophelia, daughter of Polonius, a court dignitary. At this juncture a company of strolling players arrives at the castle and at Hamlet's suggestion a certain play is given before the King and Queen and members of the court.

III. The play deals with the murder of a Venetian duke, whose wife afterwards weds the murderer. The story closely resembles the circumstances of the King of Denmark's demise. During the play Hamlet is intent not upon the players but upon the countenance and actions of his uncle. The latter, as if struck with a

realizing sense of his own crime, as Hamlet suspected, hurriedly leaves. Hamlet no longer doubts the truth of the Ghost's communications, and turns with energy to seek the vengeance which he has sworn to execute.

The queen mother is also much disturbed by the purport of the play, and sends for Hamlet in order to upbraid him. Hamlet answers reproach with reproach, and leaves his mother overwhelmed with shame and self-convicted. But for the opportune arrival of the dead King's spirit, Hamlet might have adopted even more violent measures. Ophelia's father, Polonius, who is spying upon this interview, is slain by Hamlet, who mistakes him for the King.

IV. Hamlet's banishment is decided upon. Two former school comrades of his are entrusted with a commission to leave him in England, where sealed orders are to bring about the Prince's death. But by a combination of plot and accident the execution is visited instead upon the heads of the two accomplices. Hamlet returns to Denmark. There he is greeted by a strange spectacle—the funeral of a young girl, honored by the presence of the King, Queen, and persons of the court. Hamlet has in fact arrived home just at the time of Ophelia's interment. That unfortunate maiden, through incessant brooding over the madness of her lover, the untimely end of her father, and the continued absence of her brother, Laertes, had become insane. For some days she had wandered about the court singing and strewing flowers, then had strayed to the banks of a stream and been drowned.

V. When Hamlet discovers that it is Ophelia's funeral, he is beside himself with grief. He leaps into the grave and angrily contests with Laertes, who also has just returned, the place of chief mourner. Laertes in turn desires to kill Hamlet, for he regards the Prince as the cause of all the woes that have fallen upon his house.

Seeing the animosity of Laertes, King Claudius thinks he may make use of it to work Hamlet's undoing. He secretly advises Laertes to engage Hamlet in a fencing-match—supposedly friendly. Laertes' foil, however, is to be naked and envenomed. Hamlet, unsuspecting, consents to a trial of skill before the court. The King prepares a poisoned drink for Hamlet, if perchance he shall escape the tipped foil. Laertes and Hamlet fence. After a touch or two for Hamlet, the Queen, to do him honor, toasts him—unwittingly—with the poisoned cup. Laertes wounds Hamlet. In the scuffle they change rapiers, and Hamlet in turn wounds Laertes with the latter's treacherous blade. The Queen dies from the drugged wine. Laertes falls, but before he dies he confesses his guilty design and craves pardon of the Prince. Hamlet turns upon the King with his own dying strength and stabs the usurping monarch to the heart.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Mystery of Hamlet.

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

In these words, I imagine, is the key to Hamlet's whole procedure, and to me it is clear that Shakespeare sought to depict a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it. In this view I find the piece composed throughout. Here is an oak-tree planted in a costly vase, which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers; the roots spread out, the vase is shivered to pieces.

A beautiful, pure, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which makes the hero, sinks beneath a burden which it can neither bear nor throw off;

every duty is holy to him—this too hard. The impossible is required of him—not the impossible in itself, but the impossible to him. How he winds, turns, agonizes, advances, and recoils, ever reminded, ever reminding himself, and at last almost loses his purpose from his thoughts, without ever again recovering his peace of mind. . . .

It pleases, it flatters us greatly, to see a hero who acts of himself, who loves and hates us as his heart prompts, undertaking and executing, thrusting aside all hindrances, and accomplishing a great purpose. Historians and poets would fain persuade us that so proud a lot may fall to man. In *Hamlet* we are taught otherwise; the hero has no plan, but the piece is full of plan. . . .

Hamlet is endowed more properly with sentiment than with a character; it is events alone that push him on; and accordingly the piece has somewhat the amplification of a novel. But as it is Fate that draws the plan, as the piece proceeds from a deed of terror, and the hero is steadily driven on to a deed of terror, the work is tragic in its highest sense, and admits of no other than a tragic end.

GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister.*

III.

Hamlet's Mentality.

In the healthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between the impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect: for, if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation, and loses his natural power of action. Now, one of Shakespeare's modes of creating characters is, to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakespeare, thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances. In

Hamlet he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed: his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions; and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the *medium* of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and colour not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action, consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances, under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment:—Hamlet is brave and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve. . . .

The effect of this overbalance of the imaginative power is beautifully illustrated in the everlasting broodings and superfluous activities of Hamlet's mind, which, unseated from its healthy relation, is constantly occupied with the world within, and abstracted from the world without; giving substance to shadows, and throwing a mist over all commonplace actualities. It is the nature of thought to be indefinite—definiteness belongs to external imagery alone. Hence it is that the sense of sublimity arises, not from the sight of an outward object, but from the beholder's reflection upon it; not from the sensuous impression, but from the imaginative reflex. Few have seen a celebrated waterfall without feeling something akin to disappointment: it is only subsequently that the image comes back full into the mind, and brings with it a train of grand or beautiful associations. Hamlet feels this; his senses are in a trance, and he looks upon external things as hieroglyphics.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

IV.

Is Hamlet's Madness Real or Feigned?

Perhaps the greatest perplexity of all in Hamlet's character turns on the point of his "antic disposition." Whether his madness be real or feigned, or sometimes the one, sometimes the other, or partly real, partly feigned, are questions which, like many that arise on similar points in actual life, perhaps can never be finally settled either way. Aside from the common impossibility of deciding precisely where sanity ends and insanity begins, there are peculiarities in Hamlet's conduct—resulting from the minglings of the supernatural in his situation—which, as they transcend the reach of our ordinary experience, can hardly be reduced to any thing more than probable conjecture. If sanity consists in a certain harmony between a man's actions and his circumstances, it must be hard indeed to say what would be insanity in a man so circumstanced as Hamlet.

That his mind is thrown from its propriety, shaken from its due forms and measures of working, excited into irregular, fevered action, is evident enough: from the deeply-agitating experiences he has undergone, the horrors of guilt preternaturally laid open to him, and the terrible ministry enjoined upon him, he could not be otherwise. His mind is indeed full of unhealthy perturbation, being necessarily made so by the overwhelming thoughts that press upon him from without; but it nowhere appears enthralled by illusions spun from itself; there are no symptoms of its being torn from its proper holdings, or paralyzed in its power of steady thought and coherent reasoning. Once only, at the grave of Ophelia, does he lose his self-possession; and the result in this case only goes to prove how firmly he retains it everywhere else.

It is matter of common observation, that extreme emotions naturally express themselves by their oppo-

sites; as extreme sorrow, in laughter; extreme joy, in tears; utter despair, in a voice of mirth; a wounded spirit, in gushes of humour. Hence Shakespeare heightens the effect of some of his awfulest scenes by making the persons indulge in flashes of merriment; for what so appalling as to see a person laughing and playing from excess of anguish or terror? Now, the expressions of mirth, in such cases, are plainly neither the reality nor the affectation of mirth. People, when overwhelmed with distress, certainly are not in a condition either to *feel* merry or to *feign* mirth; yet they do sometimes *express* it. The truth is, such extremes naturally and spontaneously express themselves by their opposites. In like manner, Hamlet's madness, it seems to us, is neither real nor affected, but a sort of natural and spontaneous imitation of madness; the triumph of his reason over his passion naturally expressing itself in the tokens of insanity, just as the agonies of despair naturally vent themselves in flashes of mirth.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Hamlet the Subtle.

Hamlet is not the exponent of a philosophy; he has, it is true, a remarkable power of reflection and a tendency to generalize, but he is not a philosophical thinker who seeks to co-ordinate his ideas in a coherent system. Perhaps Ulysses, perhaps Prospero approaches nearer to the philosopher, but neither Ulysses nor Prospero is a wit; and Hamlet is a wit inspired by melancholy. He is swift, ingenious, versatile, penetrative; and he is also sad. And when Shakespeare proceeded to follow the story in the main as he had probably received it from Kyd, it turned out that such subtlety overreached itself —which Shakespeare recognized as wholly right, and

true to the facts of life. Hamlet's madness is not deliberately assumed; an antic disposition is, as it were, imposed upon him by the almost hysterical excitement which follows his interview with the Ghost, and he ingeniously justifies it to himself by discovering that it may hereafter serve a purpose. But in truth his subtlety does not produce direct and effective action. Hamlet is neither a boisterous Laertes, who with small resources almost effects a rebellion in revenge for a murdered father, nor a resolute Fortinbras, who, mindful of his dead father's honour, can march through danger to victory. Hamlet's intellectual subtlety sees every side of every question, thinks too precisely on the event, considers all things too curiously, studies anew every conviction, doubts of the past, interrogates the future; it delights in ironically adopting the mental attitudes of other minds; it refines contempt into an ingenious art; it puts on and puts off a disguise; it assumes and lays aside the antic disposition; it can even use frankness as a veil—for sometimes display is a concealment, as happened with Edgar Poe's purloined letter. Hamlet the subtle is pre-eminently a critic—a critic of art, a critic of character, a critic of society, a critic of life, a critic of himself. . . .

Together with such an intellectual and such a moral nature, Hamlet has in him something dangerous—a will capable of being roused to sudden and desperate activity. It is a will which is determined to action by the flash and flame of an excitable temperament, or by those sudden impulses or inspirations, leaping forth from a sub-conscious self, which come almost like the revelation and the decree of Providence. It is thus that he suddenly conceives the possibility of unmasking the King's guilt, on the accidental arrival of the players, and proceeds without delay to put the matter to the test, suddenly overwhelms Ophelia with his reproaches of womanhood, suddenly stabs the eavesdropper behind

the arras, suddenly, as if under some irresistible inspiration, sends his companions on shipboard to their death, suddenly boards the pirate, suddenly grapples with Laertes in the grave, suddenly does execution on the guilty King, plucks the poison from Horatio's hand, and gives his dying voice for a successor to the throne.

DOWDEN: *The Tragedy of Hamlet.*

VI.

Shakespeare's Thanatopsis Voiced in Hamlet.

However strong the sense of continued life such a mind as his [Shakespeare's] may have had, it could never reach that assurance of eternal existence which Christ alone can give—which alone robs the grave of victory, and takes from death its sting. Here lie the materials out of which this remarkable tragedy was built up. From the wrestling of his own soul with the great enemy, comes that depth and mystery which startles us in Hamlet.

It is to this condition that Hamlet has been reduced. This is the low portal of grief to which we must stoop, before we can enter the heaven-pointing pile that the poet has raised to his memory. Stunned by the sudden storm of woes, he doubts, as he looks at the havoc spread around him, whether he himself is left, and fears lest the very ground on which he lies prostrate may not prove treacherous. Stripped of all else, he is sensible on this point alone. Here is the life from which all else grows. Interested in the glare of prosperity around him, only because he lives, he is ever turning his eyes from it to the desolation in which he himself stands. His glance ever descends from the lofty pinnacle of pride and false security to the rotten foundation—and tears follow smiles. He raises his eye to heaven, and "this brave o'erhanging firmament" seems to him but

"a pestilent congregation of vapors"; it descends to earth, and its "goodly frame" "seems . . . a sterile promontory." He fixes it on man, and his noble apostrophe—"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" is followed fast upon by the sad confession, "And yet . . . man delights not me; no, nor woman neither." He does not, as we say, "get accustomed to his situation." He holds fast by the wisdom of affliction, and will not let her go. He would keep her, for she is his life. The storm has descended, and all has been swept away but the rock. To this he clings for safety. He will not return, like the dog to his vomit. He will not render unavailing the lessons of Providence by "getting accustomed" to feed on that which is not bread, on which to live is death. He fears nothing save the loss of existence. But this thought thunders at the very base of the cliff on which, shipwrecked of every other hope, he had been thrown. That which to everybody else seems common, presses upon him with an all-absorbing interest; he struggles with the mystery of his own being, the root of all other mysteries, until it has become an overmastering element in his own mind, before which all others yield and seem as nothing.

This is the hinge on which his every endeavour turns. Such a thought as this might well prove more than an equal counterpoise to any incentive to what we call action. The obscurity that lies over these depths of Hamlet's character arises from this unique position in which the poet exhibits him; a position which opens to us the basis of Shakespeare's own being, and which, though dimly visible to all, is yet familiar to but few. . . . But it may be asked, if Hamlet valued this life so cheaply, nay, even meditated self-slaughter, why, when he had an opportunity of dying by only suffering him-

self to be carried to England, he should fly that very death he before sought. To this question, the state of his mind affords us a satisfactory answer; and his wavering does but confirm our belief in his sincerity, and give us a still stronger proof that although there is nothing from which he would more willingly part withal—except, as he says, " my life," yet still does the deep instinct of his soul prompt him to retain it, though crushed by the burden, while he doubts lest with its loss may not be connected the loss of all being. He cared not, as he says, for this little life, a pin's fee; but for life itself, his whole nature called in cries that would not be silenced. In his perplexity and doubt, Hamlet had interrogated his own nature on the great question of his future being; but its only response was—" the dread of something after death "; that something might be annihilation, or,—

> To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
> . . . . . .
> . . . or to be worse than worst
> Of those that lawless and incertain thought
> Imagine howling.

In the bitterness of his spirit, but half concealed by his jests in the graveyard, he asks again that question from which he cannot escape, sending his voice down into the hollow tomb, and hearing but the echo of his own words in reply. He loved not this life, yet endured and clung to it because he doubted of another; this it was [in Hamlet's view]—

> That makes calamity of so long life,
> . . . . . .
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of.

VERY: *Essays and Poems.*

VII.

Horatio.

While every other character in this play, Ophelia, Polonius, and even Osrick, has been analyzed and discussed, it is remarkable that no critic has stept forward to notice the great beauty of Horatio's character, and its exquisite adaptation to the effect of the piece. His is a character of great excellence and accomplishment; but while this is distinctly shown, it is but sketched, not elaborately painted. His qualities are brought out only by single and seemingly-accidental touches; the whole being toned down to a quiet and unobtrusive beauty that does not tempt the mind to wander from the main interest, which rests alone upon Hamlet; while it is yet distinct enough to increase that interest, by showing him worthy to be Hamlet's trusted friend in life, and the chosen defender of his honour after death. Such a character, in the hands of another author, would have been made the centre of some secondary plot. But here, while he commands our respect and esteem, he never for a moment divides a passing interest with the Prince. He does not break in upon the main current of our feelings. He contributes only to the general effect; so that it requires an effort of the mind to separate him for critical admiration.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Polonius.

Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, all declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained.

This part of his character is accidental, the rest natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it has become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his depositaries of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel: but, as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to the dereliction of his faculties; he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recover the leading principle, and fall into his former train. The idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakespeare's Plays.*

Habits of intrigue having extinguished in Polonius the powers of honest insight and special discernment, he therefore perceives not the unfitness of his old methods to the new exigency; while at the same time his faith in the craft, hitherto found so successful, stuffs him with overweening assurance. Hence, also, that singular but most characteristic specimen of grannyism, namely, his pedantic and impertinent dallying with artful turns of thought and speech amidst serious business; where he appears not unlike a certain person who "could speak no sense in several languages." Superannuated politicians, indeed, like him, seldom have any strength but as they fall back upon the resources of memory: out of these, the ashes, so to speak, of extinct faculties, they may seem wise after the fountains of wisdom are dried up within them; as a man who *has lost his sight* may seem to distinguish colours, so long as he refrains from speaking of the colours that are before him.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IX.

Ophelia.

Ophelia—poor Ophelia! O far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briers of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life! What shall be said of her? for eloquence is mute before her! Like a strain of sad, sweet music which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence, and which we rather feel than hear—like the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense it charms—like the snowflake dissolved in air before it has caught a stain of earth—like the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses—such is the character of Ophelia: so exquisitely delicate, it seems as if a touch would profane it; so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we scarcely dare to consider it too deeply. The love of Ophelia, which she never once confesses, is like a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to die upon our hearts as upon her own. Her sorrows ask not words, but tears; and her madness has precisely the same effect that would be produced by the spectacle of real insanity, if brought before us: we feel inclined to turn away, and veil our eyes in reverential pity and too painful sympathy.

Beyond every character that Shakspeare has drawn (Hamlet alone excepted), that of Ophelia makes us forget the poet in his own creation. Whenever we bring her to mind, it is with the same exclusive sense of her real existence, without reference to the wondrous power which called her into life. The effect (and what an effect!) is produced by means so simple, by strokes so few, and so unobtrusive, that we take no thought of them. It is so purely natural and unsophisticated, yet so profound in its pathos, that, as Hazlitt observes, it takes us back to the old ballads; we forget that, in its perfect artlessness, it is the supreme and consummate triumph of art.

The situation of Ophelia in the story is that of a young girl who, at an early age, is brought from a life of privacy into the circle of a court—a court such as we read of in those early times, at once rude, magnificent, and corrupted. She is placed immediately about the person of the queen, and is apparently her favourite attendant. The affection of the wicked queen for this gentle and innocent creature is one of those beautiful redeeming touches, one of those penetrating glances into the secret springs of natural and feminine feeling which we find only in Shakspeare. Gertrude, who is not so wholly abandoned but that there remains within her heart some sense of the virtue she has forfeited, seems to look with a kind yet melancholy complacency on the lovely being she has destined for the bride of her son; and the scene in which she is introduced as scattering flowers on the grave of Ophelia is one of those effects of contrast in poetry, in character, and in feeling, at once natural and unexpected; which fill the eye, and make the heart swell and tremble within itself—like the nightingales singing in the grove of the Furies in Sophocles. . . .

It is the helplessness of Ophelia, arising merely from her innocence, and pictured without any indication of weakness, which melts us with such profound pity. She is so young, that neither her mind nor her person has attained maturity; she is not aware of the nature of her own feelings; they are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them; and love and grief together rend and shatter the frail texture of her existence, like the burning fluid poured into a crystal vase. She says very little, and what she does say seems rather intended to hide than to reveal the emotions of her heart; yet in those few words we are made as perfectly acquainted with her character, and with what is passing in her mind, as if she had thrown forth her soul with all the glowing eloquence of Juliet. Passion with Juliet seems innate, a part of her being, "as dwells the gath-

ered lightning in the cloud"; and we never fancy her but with the dark, splendid eyes and Titian-like complexion of the south. While in Ophelia we recognize as distinctly the pensive, fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter of the north, whose heart seems to vibrate to the passion she has inspired, more conscious of being loved than of loving; and yet, alas! loving in the silent depths of her young heart far more than she is loved. . . .

Hamlet has no thought to link his terrible destiny with hers: he cannot marry her: he cannot reveal to her, young, gentle, innocent as she is, the terrific influences which have changed the whole current of his life and purposes. In his distraction he overacts the painful part to which he has tasked himself; he is like that judge of the Areopagus, who, being occupied with graver matters, flung from him the little bird which had sought refuge in his bosom, and with such angry violence, that unwittingly he killed it.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

Ophelia's Songs and Flowers.

It is noteworthy how Shakspeare defends Ophelia from our censure while she is chanting those free ditties of an olden time. We listen to them in company with the pitying King and Queen: the air seems to gather pity to tone the rude surprise. She was naturally full of sensibility; so, when she enters in the first mad scene, entirely insensible to her misfortune, it both increases our sadness and calls upon us to create what should be her sane feeling. When that is done, the songs borrow all the chasteness of misfortune. We are absorbed in sorrow to see how distraction could violate her sacred privacy: thinking more of that than of the words, the coarseness eludes us. We are all bound up in the brother's feeling at this sight, who cries,—

"O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!"

And the King says, "How do you, pretty lady?" Yes, that she is, through it all. If she had her wits, and were using them to persuade us to revenge her, it could not move like these piteous, tender improprieties.

> "Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
> She turns to favor and to prettiness."

For she sings without smirching a single petal of the daisies and pansies, which she so softly distributes, with such an appeal of forlornness, to bid their fragrance disinfect her language, or to speak for her in the natural key of her wonted maidenhood. So every heart exhales in the pity that plays the magic of distance and softens the unsightliness of her ruin.

Shakspeare has given most touchingly rational applications to her distribution of the flowers. The flowers themselves are culled in fancy: she holds no actual nosegay in her hand. She recalls, together with the long-unheeded songs, all that she learned in girlhood about the symbolic meanings of flowers; and a light irony invests some of them. It is plain that the rosemary, for remembrance, is ideally bestowed upon Laertes, with pansies too: "A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted." Rosemary was supposed to have the quality of strengthening the memory. The volatile Laertes will have need of it, and of as many thoughts as he can muster. The fennel ought to be handed to Horatio, and the columbines should be intended for the King: the one is a symbol of flattery and is exchanged among courtiers, but Horatio never learned the useful trade; the others are expressive of ingratitude and cuckoldom. Was Hamlet's father slain because of that? The columbines were earned betimes! There's rue for the Queen; for she has great need of repentance. There's rue for herself too. Both need it; but the Queen with a difference, as her moral condition differed from Ophelia's. We may call it an herb that leads to grace.

There's a daisy. She recognizes it, but ought not to keep it for herself. And there is no other maiden present. It represents frivolous and light-thoughted girls. She would give Laertes some violets, if they had not all withered when his father died. These delicate allusions make us think that before the distraction set in Ophelia had inklings of the foul concerns around her. All the more hopeless, then, became the overthrow of reason.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

X.

The Ghost.

With all the mighty power which this tragedy possesses over us, arising from qualities now very generally described; yet, without that kingly shadow, who throws over it such preternatural grandeur, it could never have gained so universal an ascendancy over the minds of men. Now, the reality of a ghost is measured to that state of imagination in which we ought to be held for the fullest powers of tragedy. The appearance of such a phantom at once throws open those recesses of the inner spirit over which flesh was closing. Magicians, thunder-storms, and demons produce upon me something of the same effect. I feel myself brought instantaneously back to the creed of childhood. Imagination then seems not a power which I exert, but an impulse which I obey. Thus does the Ghost in Hamlet carry us into the presence of eternity.

Never was a more majestic spirit more majestically revealed. The shadow of his kingly grandeur and his warlike might rests massily upon him. He passes before us sad, silent, and stately. He brings the whole weight of the tragedy in his disclosures. His speech is ghost-like, and blends with ghost conceptions. The popular memory of his words proves how profoundly

they sink into our souls. The preparation for his first appearance is most solemn. The night-watch—the more common effect on the two soldiers—the deeper effect on the next party, and their speculations—Horatio's communication with the shadow, that seems as it were half-way between theirs and Hamlet's—his adjurations—the degree of impression which they produce on the Ghost's mind, who is about to speak but for the due ghost-like interruption of the bird of morning;—all these things lead our minds up to the last pitch of breathless expectation; and while yet the whole weight of mystery is left hanging over the play, we feel that some dread disclosure is reserved for Hamlet's ear, and that an apparition from the world unknown is still a partaker of the noblest of all earthly affections.

"T. C." in *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1818.

The effect at first produced by the apparition is ever afterwards wonderfully sustained. I do not merely allude to the touches of realization which, in the poetry of the scenes, pass away from no memory—such as 'The star'—'Where now it burns'—'The sepulchre'—'The complete steel'—'The glimpses of the moon'—'Making night hideous'—'Look how pale he glares'—and other wild expressions, that are like fastenings by which the mind clings to its terror. I rather allude to the whole conduct of the Ghost. We ever behold in it a troubled spirit leaving its place of suffering to revisit the life it had left, to direct and command a retribution that must be accomplished. He speaks of the pain to which he is gone, but that fades away in the purpose of his mission. 'Pity me not': He bids Hamlet revenge, though there is not the passion of revenge in his discourse. The penal fires have purified the grosser man. The spectre utters but a moral declaration of guilt, and swears its living son to the fulfilment of a righteous vengeance. *Ib.*

XI.

The Mother of Hamlet.

Almost any other author would have depicted Gertrude without a single alleviating trait in her character. Beaumont and Fletcher would probably have made her simply frightful or loathsome, and capable only of exciting abhorrence or disgust; if, indeed, in her monstrous depravity she had not rather failed to excite any feeling. Shakespeare, with far more effect as well as far more truth, exhibits her with such a mixture of good and bad, as neither disarms censure nor precludes pity. Herself dragged along in the terrible train of consequences which her own guilt had a hand in starting, she is hurried away into the same dreadful abyss along with those whom she loves, and against whom she has sinned. In her tenderness towards Hamlet and Ophelia, we recognize the virtues of the mother without in the least palliating the guilt of the wife; while the crimes in which she is an accomplice almost disappear in those of which she is the victim. . . .

The Queen's affection for this lovely being [Ophelia] is one of those unexpected strokes, so frequent in Shakespeare, which surprise us into reflection by their naturalness. That Ophelia should disclose a vein of goodness in the Queen, was necessary perhaps to keep us both from underrating the influence of the one, and from exaggerating the wickedness of the other. The love which she thus awakens tells us that her helplessness springs from innocence, not from weakness; and so serves to prevent the pity which her condition moves from lessening the respect due to her character.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

XII.

Secret of the Play.

Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself "too much i' th' sun"; whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known "the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes"; he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady, who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought, he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them—this is the true Hamlet.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Every change in the text of *Hamlet* has impaired its fitness for the stage and increased its value for the closet in exact and perfect proportion. Now, this is not a matter of opinion—of Mr. Pope's opinion or Mr. Car-

lyle's; it is a matter of fact and evidence. Even in Shakespeare's time the actors threw out his additions; they throw out these very same additions in our own. The one especial speech, if any one such especial speech there be, in which the personal genius of Shakespeare soars up to the very highest of its height and strikes down to the very deepest of its depth, is passed over by modern actors; it was cut away by Heminge and Condell. We may almost assume it as certain that no boards have ever echoed—at least, more than once or twice—to the supreme soliloquy of Hamlet. Those words which combine the noblest pleading ever proffered for the rights of human reason with the loftiest vindication ever uttered of those rights, no moral ear within our knowledge has ever heard spoken on the stage. A convocation even of all priests could not have been more unhesitatingly unanimous in its rejection than seems to have been the hereditary verdict of all actors. It could hardly have been worthier of theological than it has been found of theatrical condemnation. Yet, beyond all question, magnificent as is that monologue [III. i.] on suicide and doubt which has passed from a proverb into a byword, it is actually eclipsed and distanced at once on philosophic and on poetical grounds by the later soliloquy [IV. iv.] on reason and resolution.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

Hamlet is the greatest creation in literature that I know of: though there may be elsewhere finer scenes and passages of poetry. Ugolino and Paolo and Francesca in Dante equal anything anywhere. It is said that Shakespeare was such a poor actor that he never got beyond his Ghost in this play, but then the Ghost is the most real ghost that ever was. The Queen did not think that Ophelia committed suicide, neither do I.

TENNYSON: *Some Criticisms on Poets, Memoir by His Son.*

The universality of Shakespeare's genius is in some sort reflected in Hamlet. He has a mind wise and witty, abstract and practical; the utmost reach of philosophical contemplation is mingled with the most penetrating sagacity in the affairs of life; playful jest, biting satire, sparkling repartee, with the darkest and deepest thoughts that can agitate man. He exercises all his various faculties with surprising readiness. He passes without an effort "from grave to gay, from lively to severe,"—from his every-day character to personated lunacy. He divines, with the rapidity of lightning, the nature and motives of those who are brought into contact with him, fits in a moment his bearing and retorts to their individual peculiarities; is equally at home whether he is mocking Polonius with hidden raillery, or dissipating Ophelia's dream of love, or crushing the sponges with sarcasm and invective, or talking euphuism with Osric, and satirizing while he talks it; whether he is uttering wise maxims, or welcoming the players with facetious graciousness—probing the inmost souls of others, or sounding the mysteries of his own. His philosophy stands out conspicuous among the brilliant faculties which contend for the mastery. It is the quality which gives weight and dignity to the rest. It intermingles with all his actions. He traces the most trifling incidents up to their general laws. His natural disposition is to lose himself in contemplation. He goes thinking out of the world. The commonest ideas that pass through his mind are invested with a wonderful freshness and originality. His meditations in the church-yard are on the trite notion that all ambition leads but to the grave. But what condensation, what variety, what picturesqueness, what intense unmitigated gloom! It is the finest sermon that was ever preached against the vanities of life.

London Quarterly Review, Vol. xxix.

When *Hamlet* was written, Shakspere had passed through his years of apprenticeship, and become a master-dramatist. In point of style the play stands midway between his early and his latest works. The studious superintendence of the poet over the development of his thought and imaginings, very apparent in Shakspere's early writings, now conceals itself; but the action of imagination and thought has not yet become embarrassing in its swiftness and multiplicity of direction. Rapid dialogue in verse, admirable for its combination of verisimilitude with artistic metrical effects, occurs in the scene in which Hamlet questions his friends respecting the appearance of the ghost (i. 2); the soliloquies of Hamlet are excellent examples of the slow, dwelling verse which Shakspere appropriates to the utterance of thought in solitude; and nowhere did Shakspere write a nobler piece of prose than the speech in which Hamlet describes to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern his melancholy. But such particulars as these do not constitute the chief evidence which proves that the poet had now attained maturity. The mystery, the baffling, vital obscurity of the play, and in particular of the character of its chief person, make it evident that Shakspere had left far behind him that early stage of development when an artist obtrudes his intentions, or, distrusting his own ability to keep sight of one uniform design, deliberately and with effort holds that design persistently before him. When Shakspere completed *Hamlet*, he must have trusted himself and trusted his audience; he trusts himself to enter into relation with his subject, highly complex as that subject was, in a pure, emotional manner. *Hamlet* might so easily have been manufactured into an enigma, or a puzzle; and then the puzzle, if sufficient pains were bestowed, could be completely taken to pieces and explained. But Shakspere created it a mystery, and therefore it is forever suggestive; forever suggestive, and never wholly explicable.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *son to the late, and nephew to the present king.*
POLONIUS, *lord chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*
LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*
VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS,
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN,
OSRIC,
A Gentleman,
} courtiers.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS,
BERNARDO,
} officers.
FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*
REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*
Players.
Two clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway.*
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*
OPHELIA, *daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE: *Denmark.*

The Tragedy of
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

ACT FIRST

Scene I.

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who 's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say!
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down.
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that 's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign marts for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is 't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved metal hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

. . . . . .

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I 'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak! [*The cock crows.*] Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill:
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let 's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room of state in the castle.

Flourish. Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves,

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. } In that and all things will we show our duty.
Vol. }

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell,
[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*
And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father.
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By wat it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I 'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord?
Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To Ber.*] Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do my ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We 'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!—methinks I see my father.
Hor. O where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did,
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up it head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. } We do, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. } Arm'd my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. } My lord, from head to foot.
Ber. }

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. } Longer, longer.
Ber. }

Hor. Not when I saw 't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in Polonius's house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,

Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede,

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I 'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*
What doth this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I 'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.
Go on; I 'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen,
By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away! Go on; I 'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let 's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let 's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I 'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,

Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I 'm sure it may be so in Denmark.
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.

Hor. } [*Within*] My lord, my lord!
Mar. }

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet!
Hor. Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it!
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.
Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
But you 'll be secret?
Hor. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Mar. }
Ham. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he 's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and for my own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There 's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.
Mar. }

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on: you hear this fellow in the cellarage:
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique? then we 'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would.'
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,'
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They swear.*] So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let 's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A room in Polonius's house.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense, and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
And in part him': do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. 'And in part him; but,' you may say, 'not well:
But if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild,
Addicted so and so'; and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing: you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That 's not my meaning: but breathe his faults quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here 's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
He closes with you in this consequence;
'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does—what was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something: where did I leave?

Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as you say,
There was a' gaming, there o'ertook in 's rouse,
There falling out at tennis:' or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' ye; fare ye well.

Rey. Good my lord!

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what 's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings

As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the castle.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,

More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him
And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

?ueen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

?os. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

?uil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

?ueen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Ay, amen!
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit Polonius.*
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Giving a paper.*

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well,
And at our more consider'd time we 'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we 'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter,—have while she is mine,—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather and surmise.
[*Reads.*

'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia.'—
That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*

'In her excellent white bosom, these,' &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.
[*Reads.*

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.'
This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be': and then I prescripts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension

Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.
King. Do you think this?
Queen. It may be, very like.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I 'ld fain know that,
That I have positively said ' 'tis so,'
When it proved otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.
King. We will try it.
Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I 'll board him presently.
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

Enter Hamlet, reading.

O, give me leave: how does my good Lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That 's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I 'll speak to him again. —What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to

have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that 's out of the air. [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius.*

Guil. My honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?
Ros. Neither, my lord.
Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?
Guil. Faith, her privates we.
Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What 's the news?
Ros. None, my lord, but that the world 's grown honest.
Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?
Guil. Prison, my lord!
Ham. Denmark 's a prison.
Ros. Then is the world one.
Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.
Ros. We think not so, my lord.
Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.
Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.
Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.
Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.
Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. } We 'll wait upon you.
Guil. }

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be

even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Ros. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you?

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late —but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall

receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere, and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither?

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the

quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is 't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outwards, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Re-enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Ros. Happily he 's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'As by lot, God wot,'

and then you know,

'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgement comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Why thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we 'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it

was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,'—

It is not so: it begins with 'Pyrrhus.'

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal: head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. 'Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd 'i the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus' pause
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work ;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven

As low as to the fiends!'

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he 's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—'

Ham. 'The mobled queen!'

Pol. That 's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in 's eyes. Prithee, no more,

Ham. 'Tis well; I 'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death

you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play tomorrow. [*Exit Polonius with all the Players but the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We 'll ha 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends, I 'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye! [*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall,
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About my brain! Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
I 'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I 'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
[*Exit Queen.*

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia.*] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming: let 's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where 's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well

Ham. "Get thee to a nunnery."

Hamlet. Act 3, Scene 1.

enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I 'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There 's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:

Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I 'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion,

you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it outherods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that 's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*] Will you help to hasten them?

Ros. *Guil.* } We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing

And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle: Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with the Guard carrying torches.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here 's metal more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King.*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.
Ham. That 's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.
Oph. What is, my lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Oph. You are merry, my lord.
Ham. Who, I?
Oph. Ay, my lord.
Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours.
Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there 's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by 'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, ' For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again,

seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant? 150

Ham. Ay, or any show that you 'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he 'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I 'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord. 160

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands

Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is sized, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,

But fall unshaken when they mellow be,
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change,
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies;
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!
Ham. If she should break it now!
P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*
P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*
Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
Ham. O, but she 'll keep her word.
King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?
Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.
King. What do you call the play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.
Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.
Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.
Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.
Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.
Hor. You might have rhymed.
Ham. O good Horatio, I 'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hor. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?
Hor. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole history.
Guil. The king, sir,—
Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?
Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.
Ham. With drink, sir?
Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.
Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.
Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.
Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration,

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but 'while the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instru-

ment you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

Re-enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit Polonius.*

Ham. 'By and by' is easily said. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What 's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetters put about this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. }
Guil. } We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I 'll warrant she 'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I 'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder?'
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I 'll do 't: and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;

And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At game, a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

King. [*Rising*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The Queen's closet.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I 'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within*] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I 'll warrant you ; fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming. [*Polonius hides behind the arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

am. Now, mother, what 's the matter?
ueen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
am. Mother, you have my father much offended.
ueen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
am. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
ueen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
am. What 's the natter now?
ueen. Have you forgot me?
am. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
ueen. Nay, then, I 'll set those to you that can speak.
am. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
ueen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
ol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!
am. [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*
ol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*
ueen. O me, what hast thou done?
am. Nay, I know not: is it the king?
ueen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
am. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
ueen. As kill a king!
am. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brass'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal

To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion: but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason pandars will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in my ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he 's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

am. On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

ueen. To whom do you speak this?

am. Do you see nothing there?

ueen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

am. Nor did you nothing hear?

ueen. No, nothing but ourselves.

am. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*

ueen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

am. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either . . . the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I 'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*

I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

ueen. What shall I do?

'am. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep
And break your own neck down.

'ueen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Iam. I must to England; you know that?

hueen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Iam. There 's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;

For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing:
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There 's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries 'A rat, a rat!'
And in this brainish apprehension kills

The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done. . . . 40
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another room in the castle.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. } [*Within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Guil. }

Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what? 10
Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?
Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps

them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another room in the castle.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He 's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that 's the end.
King. Alas, alas!
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
King. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*

lam. He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

:ing. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

lam. For England?

:ing. Ay, Hamlet.

lam. Good.

:ing. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

lam. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

:ing. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

lam. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England! [*Exit.*

ing. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I 'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, a Captain and Soldiers, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.
Cap. I will do 't, my lord.
For. Go softly on.
[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.
Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*
Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I 'll be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'this thing 's to do,'
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour 's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Elsinore. A room in the castle.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.
Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would she have?
Gent. She speaks much of her father, says she hears
There 's tricks i' the world, and hems and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit Gentleman.*

[*Aside*] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Gentleman, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. [*Sings*] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
[*Sings*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
Oh, oh!

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
[*Sings*] White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:
[*Sings*] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I 'll make an end on 't:
[*Sings*] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
He answers:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient:

but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!
[*Noise within.*

King. The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let 's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that 's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed: let him go, Gertrude:
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill. 129

Laer. How came he dead? I 'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I 'll be revenged
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I 'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty 140
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I 'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgement pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. [*Sings*] They bore him barefaced on the bier:
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. [*Sings*] You must sing down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing 's more than matter.

Oph. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance:
pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies,
that 's for thoughts.

Ophe. "There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o'Sundays. O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father died: they say he made a good end."

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Act. 4, Sc. 2.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you: and here 's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There 's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say a' made a good end,—

[*Sings*] For bonnie sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings*] And will a' not come again?
And will a' not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' you. [*Exit.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will.
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another room in the castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sea-faring men, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit Servant.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads*] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have over-

looked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

'He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another room in the castle.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they 're strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She 's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio; he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads*] 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. 'HAMLET.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked'!
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone'.
Can you advise me?

Laer. I 'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus didest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
I 've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As had he been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,

Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,

Dies in his own too much: that we would do
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We 'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't;
And for that purpose I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I 'll touch my point

Queen. "There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
There with fantastic garlands did she come."

Hamlet. Act 4, Scene 1.

With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
King. Let 's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this did blast in proof. Soft! let me see:
We 'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings:
I ha 't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I 'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister 's drown'd, Laertes.
Laer. Drown'd! O, where?
Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like a while they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*

King. Let 's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let 's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her

grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be 'se offendendo'; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I 'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

Sec. Clo. 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To 't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, afar off.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are asked this question next, say, 'a grave-maker': the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit Sec. Clown.*

[*He digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for-a my behove,
O, methought, there-a was nothing-a meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [*Sings*] But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here 's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost

no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on 't.

First. Clo. [*Sings*] A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There 's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave 's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.
[*Sings*] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in 't.

First Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

First Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because a' was mad: a' shall recover

his wits there; or, if a' do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How 'strangely'?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clo. I' faith, if a' be not rotten before a' die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—a' will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that a' will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a skull now: this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam,

whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the Corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio.*

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her

HAMLET AND LAERTES AT THE BIER OF OPHELIA.

Ham. "I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,"

Hamlet. Act 5, Scene 1.

As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. [*Scattering flowers*] Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*

Laer. The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo 't weep? woo 't fight? woo 't fast? woo 't tear thyself?
Woo 't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.
[*Exit Horatio.*

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We 'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn us
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark

Groped I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery!—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible?

Ham. Here 's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As' es of great charge,

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in the form of the other;
Subscribed it; gave 't the impression; placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whored my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;

And a man's life 's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I 'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough, but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot, or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his

majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all 's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he 's unfellowed.

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen

passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you

by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit; we defy augury: there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all; since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and Lords, Osric and other Attendants with foils and gauntlets; a table and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I 've done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he 's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: if 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungored. But till that time

I do receive your offer'd love like love
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I 'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace has laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, sir.
Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well; again.
King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here 's to thy health.
[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*
Give him the cup.
Ham. I 'll play this bout first; set it by a while.
Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He 's fat and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam!
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
King. [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I 'll hit him now.
King. I do not think 't.
Laer. [*Aside*] And yet it is almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.
Osr. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now!

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them; they are incensed.
Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is 't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swounds to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*
Ham. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [*Laertes falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother 's poison'd:
I can no more: the king, the king 's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion: is thy union here?

Ham. "The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work!"

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Act 5, Sc. 2.

Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly served;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here 's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou 'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I 'll have 't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit:

[illegible] the news from England;
[illegible] the election lights
[illegible] my dying voice;
[illegible] the occurrents, more and less,
[illegible] The rest is silence. [*Dies.*
[illegible] Good night, sweet [illegible]
[illegible] sing thee to thy rest!
[*March within.*
[illegible] come hither?

[illegible] and the English Ambassadors, with [illegible] and Attendants.

[illegible] What is it you would see?
[illegible] cease your search.
[illegible] O proud death,
[illegible] in thine eternal cell,
[illegible] princes at a shot
[illegible]
[illegible] The sight is dismal;
[illegible] from England come too late:
[illegible] that should give us hearing,
[illegible] his commandment is fulfilled,
[illegible] Guildenstern are dead:
Where [illegible] our thanks?
[illegible] Not from his mouth
[illegible] to thank you:
[illegible] for their death.
[illegible] body question,
[illegible] you from England
[illegible] these bodies
[illegible] the view;

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

'ort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

lor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

'ort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies: after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

Glossary.

A', he (Folios, "*he*"); II. i. 58.

About, get to your work! II. ii. 614.

Above; "more a.," moreover; II. ii. 126.

Abridgement (Folios, "*Abridgements*"), entertainment for pastime (with perhaps a secondary idea of that which makes one brief and shortens tedious conversation); II. ii. 437.

Absolute, positive; V. i. 148; perfect, faultless (used by Osric); V. ii. 108.

Abstract, summary, or epitome (Folios, "*abstracts*"); II. ii. 545.

From a XIVth century sculpture at Rouen.

Abuse, delusion; IV. vii. 51.

Abuses, deceives; II. ii. 629.

Acquittance, acquittal; IV. vii. 1.

Act, operation (Warburton, "*effect*"); I. ii. 205.

Adam's profession; V. i. 32. (*Cp.* the annexed cut.)

Addition, title; I. iv. 20.

Address, prepare; I. ii. 216.

Admiration, wonder, astonishment; I. ii. 192.

Adulterate, adulterous; I. v. 42.

Æneas' tale to Dido; burlesque lines from an imaginary play written after the grandiloquent manner of quasi-classical plays (*e.g.* Nash's contributions to Marlowe's *Dido, Queen of Carthage*); II. ii. 466.

Afeard, afraid; V. ii. 302.

Affection, affectation (Folios, "*affectation*"); II. ii. 462.

Affront, confront, encounter; III. i. 31.

A-foot, in progress; III. ii. 83.

After, according to; II. ii. 552.

Against, in anticipation of; III. iv. 50.

Aim, guess; IV. v. 9.

Allowance, permission (according to some, "regards of a." = allowable conditions); II. ii. 79.

Amaze, confound, bewilder; II. ii. 588.

Amazement, astonishment; III. ii. 334.

Ambition, attainment of ambition; III. iii. 55.

Amble, move in an affected manner; III. i. 149.

Amiss, misfortune; IV. v. 18.

Anchor's, Anchorite's, hermit's; III. ii. 226.

'And will he not come again,' etc.; a well-known song found in song-books of the period, called *The Milkmaid's Dumps*; IV. v. 190.

An end, on end (Quarto 1, "*on end*"); I. v. 19.

Angle, angling-line; V. ii. 66.

An if, if; I. v. 177.

Annexment, appendage; III. iii. 21.

Anon, soon, presently; II. ii. 505.

Answer, reply to a challenge; V. ii. 169.

Answer'd, explained; IV. i. 16.

Antic, disguised, fantastic; I. v. 172.

Antique, ancient; V. ii. 344.

Apart, aside, away; IV. i. 24.

Ape; "the famous ape," etc., a reference to an old fable which has not yet been identified; III. iv. 193-196.

Apoplex'd, affected with apoplexy; III. iv. 73.

Appointment, equipment; IV. vi. 16.

Apprehension, conception, perception; II. ii. 319.

Approve, affirm, confirm, I. i. 29; credit, make approved, V. ii. 135.

Appurtenance, proper accompanyment; II. ii. 386.

Argal, Clown's blunder for *ergo*; V. i. 13.

Argument, subject, plot of a play; II. ii. 370.

——, subject in dispute; IV. iv. 54.

Arm you, prepare yourselves; III. iii. 24.

Arras, tapestry (originally made at Arras); II. ii. 163.

Article, clause in an agreement, I. i. 94; "a soul of great a.," *i.e.* a soul with so many qualities that its inventory would be very large, V. ii. 118.

As, as if; II. i. 91.

——, as if, as though, IV. v. 103; so, IV. vii. 159; namely, I. iv. 25.

'As' es, used quibblingly (Folios, "*Assis*"; Quartos, "*as sir*"); V. ii. 43.

Aslant, across; IV. vii. 168.

Assault; "of general a.," incident to all men; II. i. 35.

Assay, trial, test; II. ii. 71.

——, try; III. i. 14.

——, "make a.," throng to the rescue; III. iii. 69.

Assays of bias, indirect aims (such as one takes in the game of bowls, taking into account the bias side of the bowl); II. i. 65.

Assigns, appendages; V. ii. 150.

Assistant, helpful; I. iii. 3.

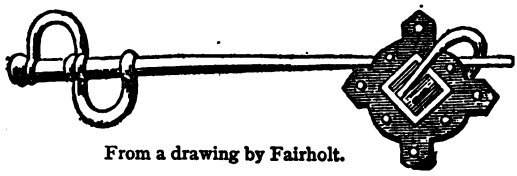
Assurance, security; with play upon the legal sense of the word; V. i. 122.
Attent, attentive; I. ii. 193.
Attribute, reputation; I. iv. 22.
Aught; "hold'st at a.," holds of any value, values at all; IV. iii. 60.
Authorities, offices of authority, attributes of power; IV. ii. 17.
Avouch, declaration; I. i. 57.
A-work, at work; II. ii. 507.

Back; "support in reserve"; IV. vii. 154.
Baked-meats, pastry; "funeral b.," cold entertainment prepared for the mourners at a funeral; I. ii. 180.
Ban, curse; III. ii. 269.
Baptista, used as a woman's name (properly a man's, *cf. Tam. of Shrew*); III. ii. 250.
Bare, mere; III. i. 76.
Bark'd about, grew like bark around; I. v. 71.
Barren, barren of wit, foolish; III. ii. 45.
Barr'd, debarred, excluded; I. ii. 14.
Batten, grow fat; III. iv. 67.
Beaten, well-worn, familiar; II. ii. 277.
Beating, striking (Quarto 1, "*towling*"; Collier MS., "*tolling*"); I. i. 39.
Beautied, beautified; III. i. 51.
Beautified, beautiful, endowed with beauty (Theobald, "*beatified*"); II. ii. 110.
Beaver, visor; movable part of the helmet covering the face; I. ii. 230. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From Whitney's *Emblems,* 1586.

Bedded, lying flat, (?) matted; III. iv. 121.
Bed-rid, bed-ridden (Quartos 2-5, "*bed-red*"); I. ii. 29.
Beetles, projects, juts over; I. iv. 71.
Behove, behoof, profit; V. i. 67.
Bent, straining, tension (properly an expression of archery); II. ii. 30.
——, "to the top of my b.," to the utmost; III. ii. 393.
Beshrew, a mild oath; II. i. 113.
Besmirch, soil, sully; I. iii. 15.
Bespeak, address, speak to; II. ii. 140.
Best; "in all my b.," to the utmost of my power; I. ii. 120.
Bestowed, placed, lodged; II. ii. 544.
Beteem, allow, permit; I. ii. 141.
Bethought, thought of; I. iii. 90.

Bilboes, stocks or fetters used for prisoners on board ship; V. ii. 6. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a drawing by Fairholt.

Bisson; "b. rheum," *i.e.* blinding tears; II. ii. 527.

Blank; "the *white* mark at which shot or arrows were aimed" (Steevens); IV. i. 42.

Blanks, blanches, makes pale; III. ii. 227.

Blast in proof; "a metaphor taken from the trying or proving of fire-arms or cannon, which blast or burst in the proof" (Steevens); IV. vii. 155.

Blastments, blighting influences; I. iii. 42.

Blazon; "eternal b.," publication of eternal mysteries (perhaps "eternal" = infernal, or used "to express extreme abhorrence"); I. v. 21.

Blench, start aside; II. ii. 623.

Bloat (Quartos, "*blowt*"; Folios, "*blunt*"); bloated; III. iv. 182.

Blood, passion, IV. iv. 58; "b. and judgement," passion and reason, III. ii. 74.

Blown, full blown, in its bloom; III. i. 165.

Board, address; II. ii. 170.

Bodes, forbodes, portends; I. i. 69.

Bodkin, the old word for dagger; III. i. 76.

Bodykins, diminutive of body; "the reference was originally to the sacramental bread"; II. ii. 550.

"*Bonnie Sweet Robin,*" the first words of a well-known song of the period (found in Holborne's *Cittharn Schoole,* 1597, *etc.*); IV. v. 187.

Bore, calibre, importance of a question; IV. vi. 27.

Borne in hand, deceived with false hopes; II. ii. 67.

Bound, ready, prepared; I. v. 6.

——, was bound; I. ii. 90.

Bourn, limit, boundary; III. i. 79.

Brainish, imaginary, brainsick; IV. i. 11.

Brave, glorious; II. ii. 312.

Bravery, ostentation, bravado; V. ii. 79.

Breathe, whisper; II. i. 31.

Breathing, whispering; I. iii. 130.

Breathing time, time for exercise; V. ii. 174.

Bringing home, strictly, the bridal procession from church; applied to a maid's funeral; V. i. 245.
Broad, unrestrained; III. iv. 2.
Broke, broken; IV. v. 111.
Brokers, go betweens; I. iii. 127.
Brooch, an ornament worn in the hat; IV. vii. 94.
Brood; "on b.," brooding; III. i. 173.
Bruit, proclaim abroad; I. ii. 127.
Budge, stir, move; III. iv. 18.
Bugs, bugbears; V. ii. 22.
Bulk, body (according to some = breast); II. i. 95.
Business, do business; I. ii. 37.
Buttons, buds; I. iii. 40.
Buz, buz! an interjection used to interrupt the teller of a story already well known; II. ii. 410.
Buzzers, whisperers (Quarto, 1676, "*whispers*"); IV. v. 90.
By and by, immediately; III. ii. 392.
By 'r lady, by our lady; a slight oath; III. ii. 138.

Can, can do; III. iii. 65.
Candied, sugared, flattering; III. ii. 65.
Canker, canker worm; I. iii. 39.
Canon, divine law; I. ii. 132.
Capable, capable of feeling, susceptible; III. iv. 127.
Cap-a-pe, from head to foot (Old Fr. "*de cap a pie*"); I. ii. 200.
Capitol; "I was killed i' the C." (an error repeated in *Julius Cæsar*; Cæsar was killed in the Curia Pompeii, near the theatre of Pompey in the Campus Martius); III. ii. 109.
Card; "by the c.," with precision (alluding probably to the shipman's card); V. i. 144.
Carnal, sensual; V. ii. 384.
Carouses, drinks; V. ii. 292.
Carriage, tenor, import; I. i. 94.
Carry it away, gain the victory; II. ii. 375.
Cart, car, chariot; III. ii. 162.
Carve for, choose for, please; I. iii. 20.
Cast, casting, moulding; I. i. 73.
——, contrive; "c. beyond ourselves," to be over suspicious (? to be mistaken); II. i. 115.
Cataplasm, plaster; IV. vii. 144.
Cautel, deceit, falseness; I. iii. 15.
Caviare; "a Russian condiment made from the roe of the sturgeon; at that time a new and fashionable delicacy not obtained nor relished by the vulgar, and therefore used by Shakespeare to signify anything above their comprehension" (Nares); II. ii. 455.
Cease, extinction (Quartos, "*cesse*"; Pope, "*decease*"); III. iii. 15.
Censure, opinion; I. iii. 69.

Centre, i.e. of the Earth; II. ii. 159.

Cerements, cloths used as shrouds for dead bodies; I. iv. 48.

Chameleon, an animal supposed to feed on air; III. ii. 98.

Change, exchange; I. ii. 163.

Chanson, song (used affectedly; not found elsewhere in Shakespeare; "*pious chanson*"; so Quartos; Folios, "*pons Chanson*"; "*pans chanson*"); II. ii. 436.

Character, hand-writing; IV. vii. 53.

Character, write imprint; I. iii. 59.

Charge, expense, IV. iv. 47; load, weight, V. ii. 43.

Chariest, most scrupulous; I. iii. 36.

Checking at; "to check at," a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game and follows some other (Quartos 2, 3, "*the King at*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6, "*liking not*"); IV. vii. 63.

Cheer, fare; III. ii. 226.

Chief, chiefly, especially; I. iii. 74.

Chopine, a high cork shoe; II. ii. 444. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Chorus, interpreter of the action of a play; III. ii. 252.

Chough, a sordid and wealthy boor (*chuff* according to some, = "chattering crow"); V. ii. 88.

From a Venetian specimen engraved in Douce.

Cicatrice, scar; IV. iii. 62.

Circumstance, circumlocution, detail; I. v. 127.

——, "c. of thought," details of thought which lead to a conclusion; III. iii. 83.

Clapped, applauded; II. ii. 355.

Clepe, call; I. iv. 19.

Climatures, regions; I. i. 125.

Closely, secretly; III. i. 29.

Closes with, agrees with; II. i. 45.

Coagulate, coagulated, clotted; II. ii. 482.

Cockle hat, a mussel-shell in the hat was the badge of pilgrims bound for places of devotion beyond sea; IV. v. 25.

Coil; "mortal c.," mortal life, turmoil of mortality; III. i. 67.

Cold, chaste; IV. vii. 173.

Coldly, lightly; IV. iii. 64.

Collateral, indirect; IV. v. 206.

Colleagued, leagued; I. ii. 21.

Collection, an attempt to collect some meaning from it; IV. v. 9.

Columbines, flowers emblematic of faithlessness; IV. v. 180.

Combat, duel; I. i. 84.

Comma; "a c. 'tween their amities"; the smallest break or separation; V. ii. 42.

Commandment, command; III. ii. 324.

Comment; "the very c. of thy soul," all thy powers of observation (Folios, "*my soul*"); III. ii. 84.

Commerce, intercourse; III. i. 109.

Compelled, enforced; IV. vi. 17.

Complete steel, full armour; I. iv. 52.

Complexion, temperament, natural disposition; I. iv. 27.

Comply, use ceremony; II. ii. 388.

Compulsatory, compelling (Folios, "*compulsatiue*"); I. i. 103.

Compulsive, compulsory, compelling; III. iv. 86.

Conceit, imagination; III. iv. 114.

——, design; "liberal c.," tasteful, elaborate design; V. ii. 153.

Concernancy, import, meaning; V. ii. 123.

Conclusions, experiments; III. iv. 195.

Condolement, sorrow; I. ii. 93.

Confederate, conspiring, favouring; III. ii. 264.

Confine, boundary territory; I. i. 155.

Confines, places of confinement, prisons; II. ii. 251.

Confront, outface; III. iii. 47.

Confusion, confusion of mind (Rowe "*confesion*"; Pope (in margin) "*confession*"); III. i. 2.

Congregation, collection; II. ii. 315.

Congruing, agreeing (Folios, "*coniuring*"); IV. iii. 66.

Conjunctive, closely joined; IV. vii. 14.

Consequence; "in this c."; in the following way; or, "in thus following up your remarks" (Schmidt); II. i. 45.

Consider'd, fit for reflection; "at our more c. time," when we have more time for consideration; II. ii. 81.

Consonancy, accord, friendship; II. ii. 294.

Constantly, fixedly; I. ii. 235.

Contagion, contagious thing; IV. vii. 148.

Content, please, gratify; III. i. 24.

Continent, that which contains, IV. iv. 64; inventory, V. ii. 112.

Contraction, the making of the marriage contract; III. iv. 46.

Contriving, plotting; IV. vii. 136.

Conversation, intercourse; III. ii. 60.

Converse, conversation; II. i. 42.

Convoy, conveyance; I. iii. 3.
Coped withal, met with; III. ii. 60.
Corse, corpse; I. iv. 52.
Coted, overtook, passed by (a term in hunting); II. ii. 330.
Couched, concealed; II. ii. 474.
Couch we, let us lie down, conceal ourselves; V. i. 234.
Count, account, trial; IV. ii. 17.
Countenance, favour; IV. ii. 16.
Counter, hounds "*run counter*" when they follow the scent in the wrong direction; a term of the chase; IV. v. 110.
Counterfeit presentment, portrait; III. iv. 54.
Couple, join, add; I. v. 93.
Couplets; "golden c.," "the pigeon lays only two eggs at a time, and the newly hatched birds are covered with yellow down"; V. i. 299.
Cousin, used of a nephew; I. ii. 64.
Cozenage, deceit, trickery; V. ii. 67.
Cozen'd, cheated; III. iv. 77.
Cracked within the ring; "there was formerly a ring or circle on the coin, within which the sovereign's head was placed; if the crack extended from the edge beyond this ring, the coin was rendered unfit for currency" (Douce); II. ii. 447.
Crants, garland, used for the chaplet carried before a maiden's coffin, and afterwards hung up in the church (Folios, "*rites*"; "*Crants*" occurs in the form *corance* in Chapman's *Alphonsus* (*cf.* Lowland Scotch *crance*); otherwise unknown in English); V. i. 244.

From a sketch by Fairholt of a specimen suspended in St. Alban's Abbey in 1844.

Credent, credulous, believing; I. iii. 30.
Crew, did crow; I. i. 147.
Cried; "c. in the top of mine," were higher than mine; II. ii. 458.
Cries on, cries out; V. ii. 367.
Crimeful, criminal (Quartos, "*criminall*"); IV. vii. 7.
Crocodile; "woo't eat a c.," referring probably to the toughness of its skin; V. i. 288.
Crook, make to bend; III. ii. 66.
Cross, go across its way (to cross the path of a ghost was to come under its evil influence); I. i. 127.
Crow-flowers, (probably) buttercups; IV. vii. 171.

Crowner, coroner; V. i. 24.
Cry, company (literally, a pack of hounds); III. ii. 286.
Cue, catch-word, call (a technical stage term); II. ii. 584.
Cuffs, fisticuffs, blows; II. ii. 373.
Cunnings, respective skill; IV. vii. 156.
Curb, cringe; "c. and woo," bow and beg, "bend and truckle"; III. iv. 155.
Curiously, fancifully; V. i. 217.
Currents, courses; III. iii. 57.

Daintier, more delicate; V. i. 78.
Daisy, emblem of faithlessness; IV. v. 184.
Dane, King of Denmark; I. i. 15.
Danskers, Danes; II. i. 7.
Day and night, an exclamation; I. v. 164.
Dearest, greatest, intensest; I. ii. 182.
Dearly, heartily, earnestly; IV. iii. 43.
Dearth, high value; V. ii. 118.
Decline upon, sink down to; I. v. 50.
Declining, falling, going from bad to worse; II. ii. 497.
Defeat, destruction; II. ii. 595.
Defeated, disfigured, marred; I. ii. 10.
Defence, skill in weapons, "science of defence"; IV. vii. 98.
Definement, definition; V. ii. 113.
Deject, dejected; III. i. 163.
Delated, set forth in detail, prob. = "*dilated*" (the reading of the Folios, properly "delated" = entrusted, delegated); I. ii. 38.
Deliver, relate; I. ii. 193.
Delver, digger; V. i. 15.
Demanded of, questioned by; IV. ii. 12.
Denote, mark, portray; I. ii. 83.
Desires, good wishes; II. ii. 60.
Dexterity, nimbleness, celerity (S. Walker, "*celerity*"); I. ii. 157.
Diet; "your worm is your only emperor for d.," a grim play of words upon "the Diet of Worms"; IV. iii. 23.
Difference, properly a term in heraldry for a slight mark of distinction in the coats of arms of members of the same family; hence = a slight difference; IV. v. 183.
Differences; "excellent d.," distinguishing qualities; V. ii. 109.
Disappointed, (?) unappointed, unprepared (Pope, "*unanointed*"; Theobald, "*unappointed*"); I. v. 77.
Disclose, hatching; III. i. 174.
Disclosed, hatched; V. i. 299.
Discourse, conversation; III. i. 108.
——, "d. of reason," *i.e* the reasoning faculty; I. ii. 150.
Discovery, disclosure, confession; II. ii. 305.
Disjoint, disjointed; I. ii. 20.
Dispatch, hasten to get ready; III. iii. 3.

Dispatch'd, deprived; I. v. 75.
Disposition, nature; I. iv. 55.
Distemper; "your cause of d.," the cause of your disorder; III. ii. 344.
Distempered, disturbed; III. ii. 308.
Distill'd, dissolved, melted (so Quarto 2; Folio 1, "*bestil'd*"); I. ii. 204.
Distract, distracted; IV. v. 2.
Distrust; "I d. you," *i.e.* I am anxious about you; III. ii. 172.
Divulging, being divulged; IV. i. 22.
Do; "to do," to be done; IV. iv. 44.
Document, precept, instruction; IV. v. 178.
Dole, grief; I. ii. 13.
Doom, Doomsday; III. iv. 50.
Doubt, suspect, fear; I. ii. 257.
Douts, does out, extinguishes (Folio 1, "*doubts*"; Quartos, Folio 2, "*drownes*"; Folios 3, 4, "*drowns*"); IV. vii. 193.
Down-gyved, pulled down like gyves or fetters (so Folio 1; Quartos 2, 3, 6, "*downe gyved*"; Quartos 4, 5, "*downe gyred*"; Theobald, "*down-gyred*"; *i.e.* rolled down); II. i. 80.
Drab, strumpet; II. ii. 612.
Dreadful, full of dread; I. ii. 207.
Drift; "d. of circumstance," roundabout methods (Quartos, "*d. of conference*"; Collier conj., "*d. of confidence*"); III. i. 1.
Drives at, rushes upon; II. ii. 491.
Ducats, gold coins; II. ii. 383.
Dull thy palm, i.e. "make callous thy palm by shaking every man by the hand" (Johnson); I. iii. 64.
Dumb-show, a show unaccompanied by words, preceding the dialogue and foreshadowing the action of a play, introduced originally as a compensatory addition to Senecan dramas, wherein declamation took the place of action; III. ii. 142.
Dupp'd, opened; IV. v. 53.
Dye, tinge (Folio 1, "*the eye*"; Quartos 2-5, "*that die*"); I. iii. 128.

Eager, sharp, sour (Folios, "*Aygre*"; Knight, "*aigre*"); I. v. 69.
Eale, ? = e'ile (*i.e.* "evil"), *v.* Note; I. iv. 36.
Ear; "in the e.," within hearing; III. i. 192.
Easiness, unconcernedness; V. i. 72.
Eat, eaten; IV. iii. 28.
Ecstasy, madness; II. i. 102.
Edge, incitement; III. i. 26.
Effects, purposes; III. iv. 129.
Eisel, vinegar; the term usually employed by older English writers for the bitter drink given to Christ (= late Lat. *acetillum*); [Quarto (i.) "*vessels*"; Quarto 2, "*Esill*"; Folios, "*Esile*"]; V. i. 288.

Elsinore, the residence of the Danish kings, famous for the royal castle of Kronborg, commanding the entrance of the Sound; II. ii. 278.
Emulate, emulous; I. i. 83.
Enact, act; III. ii. 107.
Enactures, actions; III. ii. 204.
Encompassment, circumvention; II. i. 10.
Encumber'd, folded; I. v. 174.
Engaged, entangled; III. iii. 69.
Enginer, engineer; III. iv. 206.
Enseamed, defiled, filthy; III. iv. 92.
Entertainment; "gentle e.," show of kindness; V. ii. 207.
Entreatments, solicitations; V. iii. 122.
Enviously, angrily; IV. v. 6.
Erring, wandering, roaming; I. i. 154.
Escoted, maintained; II. ii. 362.
Espials, spies; III. i. 32.
Estate, rank; V. i. 233.
Eternal, ? = infernal; V. ii. 368 (*cp.* "(eternal) blazon").
Even, honest, straightforward; II. ii. 298.
Even Christian, fellow-Christian; V. i. 32.
Event, result, issue; IV. iv. 41.
Exception, objection; V. ii. 242.
Excrements, excrescences, outgrowth (used of hair and nails); III. iv. 121.
Expectancy, hope (Quartos, "*expectation*"); III. i. 160.
Expostulate, discuss; II. ii. 86.
Express, expressive, perfect; II. ii. 318.
Extent, behaviour; II. ii. 390.
Extolment, praise; V. ii. 117.
Extravagant, vagrant, wandering beyond its limit or confine; I. i. 154.
Extremity; "in ex.," going to extremes; III. ii. 175.
Eyases, unfledged birds; properly, young hawks taken from the nest (Fr. niais); II. ii. 355.
Eye, presence; IV. iv. 6.
Eyrie, a brood of nestlings; properly, an eagle's nest; II. ii. 354.

Faculties, peculiar nature (Folios, "*faculty*"); II. ii. 589.
Faculty, ability (Quartos, "*faculties*"); II. ii. 317.
Fair, gently; IV. i. 36.
Falls, falls out, happens; IV. vii. 71.
Fancy; "express'd in f.," gaudy; I. iii. 71.
Fang'd, having fangs (according to some, "deprived of fangs"); III. iv. 203.
Fantasy, imagination, I. i. 23; whim, caprice, IV. iv. 61.
Fardels, packs, burdens; III. i. 76. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From Holme's *Academy of Armory* (1688).

Farm, take the lease of it; IV. iv. 20.

Fashion, a mere temporary mood; I. iii. 6; "f. of himself," *i.e.* his usual demeanor; III. i. 183.

Fat, fatten; IV. iii. 23.

Fat; "f. and scant of breath," ? = out of training (but probably the words were inserted owing to the physical characteristics of Burbage, who sustained the part of Hamlet); V. ii. 290.

Favour, charm, IV. v. 189; appearance, V. i. 205.

Fawning, cringing (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*faining*"; Folio 4, "*feigning*"); III. ii. 67.

Fay, faith (Folios, "*fey*"); II. ii. 271.

Fear, object of fear; III. iii. 25.

——, fear for; I. iii. 51; IV. v. 122.

Feature, figure, form (Quartos, "*stature*"); III. i. 167.

Fee, payment, value, I. iv. 65; fee-simple, IV. iv. 22.

Fellies, the outside of wheels; II. ii. 514.

Fellowship, partnership; III. ii. 286.

Fennel, the symbol of flattery; IV. v. 180.

Fetch, artifice; "fetch of warrant," justifiable stratagem (Quartos, "*f. of wit*"); II. i. 38.

Few; "in f.," in few words, in brief; I. iii. 126.

Fierce, wild, terrible; I. i. 121.

Fiery quickness, hot haste; IV. iii. 45.

Figure, figure of speech; II. ii. 98.

Find, find out, detect; III. i. 193.

Fine of his fines, end of his fines; with a play upon the other sense of the word; V. i. 111.

Fire (dissyllabic); I. iii. 120.

First, i.e. first request; II. ii. 61.

Fishmonger, probably used in some cant coarse sense ((?) "seller of women's chastity"); II. ii. 174.

Fit, prepared, ready; V. i. 220.

Fitness, convenience; V. ii. 201.

Fits, befits; I. iii. 25.

Flaw, gust of wind; V. i. 228.

Flush, in full vigour (Folios, "*fresh*"); III. iii. 81.

Flushing, redness; "had left the f.," *i.e.* had ceased to produce redness; I. ii. 155.

Foil, used with play upon its two senses, (i.) blunted rapier, (ii.) gold-leaf used to set off a jewel; V. ii. 258.

Fond, foolish; I. v. 99.

Fond and winnowed, foolish and over-refined (so Folios; Quarto 2, "*prophane and trennowed*"; Johnson, "*sane and renowned*"; Warburton, "*fann'd and winnowed*"); V. ii. 192.

Fools of nature, made fools of by nature; I. iv. 54.

Foot; "at f.," at his heels; IV. iii. 56.

For, as for, I. ii. 112; in place of, instead, V. i. 242; "for all," once for all, I. iii. 131; "for and," and also, V. i. 99.

Fordo, destroy; V. i. 233.
Foreknowing, foreknowledge, prescience; I. i. 134.
Forestalled, prevented; III. iii. 49.
Forged process, false statement of facts; I. v. 37.
Forgery, invention, imagination; IV. vii. 90.
Forgone, given up; II. ii. 308.
Fortune's star, an accidental mark or defect; I. iv. 32.
Forward, disposed; III. i. 7.
Four; "f. hours," probably used for indefinite time (Hanmer, "*for*"); II. ii. 160.
Frame, order, sense; III. ii. 316.
Free, willing, not enforced, IV. iii. 63; innocent, II. ii. 590; III. ii. 249.
Fret, vex, annoy; with a play upon *fret* = "small lengths of wire on which the fingers press the strings in playing the guitar"; III. ii. 380.
Fretted, carved, adorned; II. ii. 313.
Friending, friendliness; I. v. 186.
Frighted, frightened; affrighted; III. ii. 277.
From, away from, contrary to; III. ii. 22.
Front, forehead; III. iv. 56.
Fruit, dessert (Folios 1, 2, "*newes*"); II. ii. 52.
Fruits, consequences; II. ii. 145.
Function, the whole action of the body; II. ii. 579.
Fust, become fusty, mouldy (Rowe, "*rust*"); IV. iv. 39.
Gaged, pledged; I. i. 91.
Gain-giving, misgiving; V. ii. 216.
Gait, proceeding; I. ii. 31.
Galled, wounded, injured ("let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung," proverbial); III. ii. 250.
——, sore, injured by tears; I. ii. 155.
Galls, hurts, injures; I. iii. 39.
Garb, fashion, manner; II. ii. 390.
Gender; "general g.," common race of men; IV. vii. 18.
General, general public, common people; II. ii. 456.
Gentry, courtesy; II. ii. 22; V. ii. 111.
Germane, akin; V. ii. 158.
Gib, a tom-cat (a contraction of *Gilbert*); III. iv. 190.
Gibber, gabble; I. i. 116.
Gibes, jeers; V. i 200.
Gis, a corruption of Jesus; IV. v. 59.
Giving out, profession, indication; I. v. 178.
Glimpses, glimmering light; I. iv. 53.
Globe, head; I. v. 97.
Go about, attempt; III. ii. 353.
Go back again, i.e. refer to what once was, but is no more; IV. vii. 27.
God-a-mercy, God have mercy; II. ii. 172.
God be wi' ye, Good bye (Quartos, "*God buy ye*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*God buy you*"; Folio 4, "*God b' w' you*"); II. i. 69.

God 'ild you. God yield, reward you; IV. v. 41.

God kissing carrion, said of "the sun breeding maggots in a dead dog" (Warburton's emendation of Quartos and Folios, "*good kissing carrion*"); II. ii. 182.

Good, good sirs; I. i. 70.

Good my brother, my good brother; I. iii. 46.

Goose-quills; "afraid of g.," *i.e.* afraid of being satirized; II. ii. 359.

Go to, an exclamation of impatience; I. iii. 112.

Grace, honour; I. ii. 124.

Gracious, i.e. Gracious king; III. i. 43.

——, benign, full of blessing; I. i. 164.

Grained, dyed in grain; III. iv. 90.

Grating, offending, vexing; III. i. 3.

Green, inexperienced; I. iii. 101.

Greenly, foolishly; IV. v. 83.

Gross, great, palpable; IV. iv. 46.

——, "in the g.," *i.e.* in a general way; I. i. 68.

Groundlings, rabble who stood in the *pit* of the theatre, which had neither boarding nor benches; III. ii. 12.

Grunt, groan; III. i. 77.

Gules, red; a term of heraldry; II. ii. 477.

Gulf, whirlpool; III. iii. 16.

Habit; "outward h.," external politeness; V. ii. 190.

Handsaw = heronshaw, or hernsew, = heron ("when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a h.," for the birds fly with the wind, and when it is from the south, the sportsman would have his back to the sun and be able to distinguish them; II. ii. 397.

Handsome; "more h. than fine"; "*handsome* denotes genuine natural beauty; *fine* artificial laboured beauty" (Delius); II. ii. 465.

Hap, happen; I. ii. 249.

Haply, perchance, perhaps; III. i. 179.

Happily, haply, perchance (according to some = luckily); I. i. 134.

Happy; "in h. time," in good time (*à la bonne heure*); V. ii. 205.

Haps, fortune; IV. iii. 70.

Hatchment, an armorial escutcheon used at a funeral; IV. v. 214.

Haunt; "out of h.," from the haunts of men; IV. i. 18.

Have; "you h. me," you understand me; II. i. 68.

Have after, let us go after, follow him; I. iv. 89.

Have at you, I 'll begin, I 'll hit you; V. ii. 305.

Haviour, deportment; I. ii. 81.

Head, armed force; IV. v. 101.

Health; "spirit of health," healed or saved spirit; I. iv. 40.

Hearsed, coffined; I. iv. 47.

Heat, anger; III. iv. 4.
Heavy; "'tis h.," it goes hard; III. iii. 84.
Hebenon (so Folios; Quartos, "*hebona*"), probably henbane, but possibly (i.) the yew, or (ii.) the juice of ebony; I. v. 62.
Hecate, the goddess of mischief and revenge (dissyllabic); III. ii. 266.
Hectic, continual fever; IV. iii. 68.
Hedge, hedge round, encompass; IV. v. 123.
Height; "at h.," to the utmost; I. iv. 21.
Hent, hold, seizure; III. iii. 88.
Heraldry; "law and h.," *i.e.* heraldic law; I. i. 87.
Herb of grace, rue; IV. v. 182.
Hercules and his load too, possibly an allusion to the Globe Theatre, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the Globe; II. ii. 378.
Herod, a common character in the mystery plays, represented as a furious and violent tyrant; III. ii. 16.
Hey-day, frolicsome wildness; III. iv. 69.
Hey non nonny, meaningless refrain common in old songs; IV. v. 165.
Hic et ubique, here and everywhere; I. v. 156.
Hide fox, and all after, a children's hide-and-seek game; IV. ii. 32.
Hies, hastens; I. i. 154.
Hillo, a falconer's cry to recall his hawk; I. v. 116.
Him, he whom; II. i. 42.
His, its; I. iii. 60.
Hoar leaves, the silvery-grey underside of willow leaves; IV. vii. 169.
Hobby-horse, a principal figure in the old morris dances, suppressed at the Reformation; III. ii. 140. (*Cp.* illustration.)

"*The Hobby-horse*"
From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. (Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)

Hoist, i.e. hoised, hoisted; III. iv. 207.

Holds quantity, keep their relative proportion; III. ii. 174.

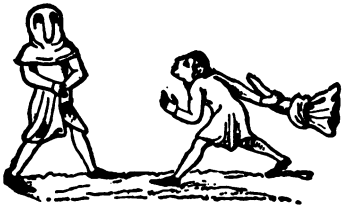
Hold up, continue; V. i. 34.

Home, thoroughly; III. iii. 29.

Honest, virtuous; III. i. 103.

Honesty, virtue; III. i. 107.

Hoodman-blind, blind man's buff; III. iv. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a XIVth century illuminated MS.

Hoops, bands (Pope, "*hooks*"); I. iii. 63.

Hour (dissyllabic); I. iv. 3.

Hugger-mugger; "in h.," *i.e.* in secrecy and in haste; IV. v. 84.

Humourous, full of humours or caprices; "the h. man," a standing character of many plays of the period; II. ii. 335.

Husband, manage; IV. v. 138.

Husbandry, thrift, economy; I. iii. 77.

Hush (used as adjective), II. ii. 505.

Hyperion, Phœbus Apollo; taken as the type of beauty; I. ii. 140.

Hyrcanian beast, the beast of Hyrcania, *i.e.* the tiger; II. ii. 470.

I, = (?) "ay"; III. ii. 288.

Idle, unoccupied (? frivolous, light-headed); III. ii. 95.

Ilium, the palace in Troy; II. ii. 493.

Ill-breeding, hatching mischief; IV. v. 15.

Illume, illumine; I. i. 37.

Image, representation, reproduction; III. ii. 245.

Immediate; "most i.," nearest; I. ii. 109.

Impart, (?) bestow myself, give all I can bestow; perhaps = "impart 't," *i.e.* impart it (the throne); I. ii. 112.

Impasted, made into paste; II. ii. 479.

Imperious, imperial; V. i. 225.

Implorators, implorers; I. iii. 129.

Imponed, staked; V. ii. 148.

Important, urgent, momentous; III. iv. 108.

Importing, having for import; I. ii. 23.

——, concerning; V. ii. 21.

Imposthume, abscess; IV. iv. 27.

Impress, impressment, enforced public service; I. i. 75.

Imputation, reputation; V. ii. 141.

In, into; III. iv. 95.

Incapable, insensible to, unable to realise; IV. vii. 180.

Incorporal, incorporeal, immaterial (Quarto, 1676, "*incorporeal*"); III. iv. 118.

Incorpsed, incorporate; IV. vii. 88.

Incorrect, not subdued; I. ii. 95.

Indentures; "a pair of i.," "agreements were usually made in duplicate, both being written on the same sheet, which was cut in a crooked or *indented* line, so that the parts would tally with each other upon comparison"; V. i. 115.

Index, prologue, preface; III. iv. 52.

Indict, accuse; II. ii. 463.

Indifferent, ordinary, average; II. ii. 231.

Indifferent, indifferently, fairly; III. i. 123.

Indifferently, pretty well; III. ii. 40.

Indirections, indirect means; II. i. 66.

Individable; "scene ind.," probably a play in which the unity of place is preserved; II. ii. 418.

Indued, suited; IV. vii. 181.

Inexplicable, unintelligible, senseless; III. ii. 14.

Infusion, qualities; V. ii. 118.

Ingenious, intelligent, conscious; V. i. 260.

Inheritor, possessor; V. i. 117.

Inhibition, prohibition; a technical term for an order restraining or restricting theatrical performances; II. ii. 346.

Inky cloak; I. ii. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a monument of the XIVth century.

Innovation, change (for the worse); "the late i." perhaps alludes to the license granted Jan. 30, 1603-4, to the children of the Revels to play at the Blackfriars Theatre, and elsewhere (according to some, the reference is to "the practice of introducing polemical matter on the stage"); II. ii. 347.

Inquire, enquiry; II. i. 4.

Insinuation, artful intrusion, meddling; V. ii. 59.

Instance, example; IV. v. 162.

Instances, motives; III. ii. 189.

Instant, immediate, instantaneous; I. v. 71.

Intents, intentions, purposes; (Folios, "*events*"; Warburton, "*advent*"); I. iv. 42.

In that, inasmuch as; I. ii. 31.

Inurn'd, entombed, interred (Quartos, "*interr'd*"); I. iv. 49.

Investments, vestments, vestures; I. iii. 128.

'*In youth, when I did love,*' etc.; stanzas from a song attributed to Lord Vaux, printed in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557); V. i. 65 *ff.*

It, its (Quartos 2, 3, 4, Folios 1, 2, "*it*"; Quartos 5, 6, Folios 3, 4, "*its*"; Quarto 1, "*his*"); I. ii. 216.

Jealousy, suspicion; II. i. 113.

'*Jephthah, Judge of Israel,*' etc., a quotation from an old ballad, to be found in Percy's *Reliques*; II. ii. 422.

Jig, a ludicrous ballad; II. ii. 519.

——, walk as if dancing a jig; III. i. 150.

John-a-dreams, John of Dreams, John the Dreamer; II. ii. 592.

Jointress, dowager; I. ii. 9.

Jowls, knocks; V. i. 84.

Joys, gladdens; III. ii. 206.

Jump, just (so Quarto 2; Folios, "*just*"); I. i. 65.

Keep, dwell; II. i. 8.

Kettle, kettle-drum; V. ii. 278.

Kibe, chilblain or sore on the heel; V. i. 148.

Kind; "more than kin, and less than k."; used equivocally for (i.) natural, and (ii.) affectionate, with a play upon "kin"; I. ii. 65.

Kindless, unnatural; II. ii. 606.

Knotted, interwoven (Folios, "*knotty*"); I. v. 18.

Know, acknowledge; V. ii. 7.

Laboursome, laborious, assiduous; I. ii. 59.

Lack, be wanting; I. v. 187.

Lamond, possibly a name suggested by that of Pietro Monte, a famous swordsman, instructor to Louis the Seventh's Master of the Horse, called "Peter Mount" in English (Folios, "*Lamound*"; Quartos, "*Lamord*"); IV. vii. 92.

Lapsed; "l. in time and passion"; having let time slip by indulging in mere passion; III. iv. 107.

Lapwing, the symbol of a forward fellow; V. ii. 186.

Larded, garnished (Quartos, "*Larded all*"); IV. v. 37.

Lawless, unruly (Folios, "*Landlesse*"); I. i. 98.

Lazar-like, like a leper; I. v. 72.

Leans on, depends on; IV. iii. 59.

Learn, teach (Folios, "*teach*"); V. ii. 9.

Leave, permission; I. ii. 57.

——, leave off, II. i. 51; give up, III. iv. 91.

Lends, gives (Folios, "*gives*"); I. iii. 117 (*v.* Note).

Lenten, meagre; II. ii. 329.

Lethe, the river of oblivion ("Lethe wharf = Lethe's bank); I. v. 33.

Lets, hinders; I. iv. 85.
Let to know, informed; IV. vi. 11.
Liberal, free-spoken; IV. vii. 172.
Liberty; v. "writ."
Lief, gladly, willingly; III. ii. 4.
Life; "the single and peculiar l.," the private individual; III. iii. 11.
——, "in my l.," *i.e.* in my continuing to live; V. ii. 22.
Lightness, lightheadedness; II. ii. 149.
Like, likely; I. ii. 237.
Likes, pleases; II. ii. 80.
Limed, caught as with birdlime; III. iii. 68.
List, muster-roll (Quarto 1, "*sight*"); I. i. 98.
List, boundary; IV. v. 99.
——, listen to; I. iii. 30.
Living, lasting (used perhaps equivocally); V. i. 320.
Loam, clay; V. i. 222.
Loggats, a game somewhat resembling bowls; the *loggats* were small logs about two feet and a quarter long; V. i. 100.
Long Purples; "the early *purple orchis* (*Orchis mascula*) which blossoms in April and May"; IV. vii. 171.
Look through, show itself; IV. vii. 152.
Lose, waste, throw away; I. ii. 45.
Luxury, lust; I. v. 83.

Machine, body; II. ii. 124.
Maimed, imperfect; V. i 242.
Main, main point, main cause; II. ii. 56.
——, the country as a whole; IV. iv. 15.
Majestical, majestic; I. i. 143.
Make, brings; II. ii. 277.
Manner, fashion, custom; I. iv. 15.
Margent, margin; it was a common practice to write comment or gloss in the margins of old books; V. ii. 161.
Mark, watch; III. ii. 157.
Market of his time, "that for which he sells his time" (Johnson); IV. iv. 34.
Mart, marketing, traffic; I. i. 74.
Marvellous, marvellously; II. i. 3.
Massy, massive; III. iii. 17.
Matin, morning; I. v. 89.
Matter, sense; IV. v. 174.
——, subject (misunderstood wilfully by Hamlet to mean "cause of dispute"); II. ii. 195.
Mazzard, skull; used contemptuously (Quartos 2, 3, "*massene*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6, "*mazer*"); V. i. 97.
Means, means of access; IV. vi. 13.
Meed, merit; V. ii. 148.
Meet, proper; I. v. 107.
Merely, absolutely; I. ii. 137.
Metal, mettle; I. i. 96.
Miching mallecho, mouching (*i.e.* skulking), mischief (Span. *malhecho,* ill-done); III. ii. 148.

Might, could; I. i. 56.
Mightiest, very mighty; I. i. 114.
Milch, milk-giving = moist = tearful (Pope, "*melt*"); II. ii. 540.
Milky, white; II. ii. 500.
Mincing, cutting in pieces; II. ii. 537.
Mineral, mine; IV. i. 26.
Mining, undermining (Folios 3, 4, "*running*"); III. iv. 148.
Mistook, mistaken; V. ii. 395.
Mobled, muffled (*cp.* Prov. E. *mop,* to muffle; "*mob-cap,*" etc.); [Quartos, "*mobled*"; Folio 1, *inobled*; Upton conj. "*mob-led*"; Capell, *ennobl'd,* etc.]; II. ii. 525.
Model, exact copy, counterpart; V. ii. 50.
Moiety, portion; I. i. 90.
Moist; "the moist star," *i.e.* the moon; I. i. 118.
Mole of nature, natural defect, blemish; I. iv. 24.
Mope, be stupid; III. iv. 81.
Mortal, deadly; IV. vii. 143.
Mortised, joined with a mortise; III. iii. 20.
Most, greatest; I. v. 180.
Mote, atom (Quartos 2, 3, 4, "*moth*"); I. i. 112.
Motion, emotion, impulse (Warburton, "*notion*"); III. iv.
——, movement; I. ii. 217.
——, "attack in fencing, opposed to guard or parrying"; IV. vii. 158.
Mould of form, the model on which all endeavoured to form themselves; III. i. 161.
Mouse, a term of endearment; III. iv. 183.
Mouth, rant; V. i. 306.
Mows, grimaces; II. ii. 381.
Muddy-mettled, dull-spirited, irresolute; II. ii. 594.
Murdering-piece, a cannon loaded with case-shot, so as to scatter death more widely; IV. v. 95.
Mutes, dumb spectators; V. ii. 346.
Mutine, mutiny, rebel; III. iv. 83.
Mutines, mutineers; V. ii. 6.

Napkin, handkerchief; V. ii. 299.
Native, kindred, related; I. ii. 47.
——, "n. hue," natural colour; III. i. 84.
Nature, natural affection; I. v. 81.
Nature's livery, a natural blemish; I. iv. 32.
Naught, naughty; III. ii. 157.
Near, is near; I. iii. 44.
Neighbour, neighbouring; III. iv. 212.
Neighbour'd to, intimate, friendly with; II. ii. 12.
Nemean lion, one of the monsters slain by Hercules; I. iv. 83.
Nero, the Roman Emperor who murdered his mother Agrippina; III. ii. 412.
Nerve, sinew, muscle; I. iv. 83.
Neutral, a person indifferent to both; II. ii. 503.

New-hatch'd, newly hatched (Folios, "*unhatch't*"); I. iii. 65.

New-lighted, newly alighted; III. iv. 59.

Nick-name, misname; III. i. 151.

Nighted, dark, black as night (Folios, "nightly"; Collier MS., "*night-like*"); I. ii. 68.

Nill; "will he, nill he," *i.e.* whether he will, or whether he will not; V. i. 19.

Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, whose children were slain by Apollo and Artemis, while she herself was turned into stone upon Mount Sipylus in Lydia, where she weeps throughout the summer months; I. ii. 149.

Nomination, naming; V. ii. 133.

No more, nothing more; III. i. 61.

Nonce; "for the n.," for that once, for the occasion (Quartos 4, 5, "*once*"); IV. vii. 161.

Norway, King of Norway; I. i. 61.

Nose, smell; IV. iii. 38.

Note, notice, attention; III. ii. 89.

Noted, known; II. i. 23.

Nothing, not at all; I. ii. 41.

Noyance, injury, harm; III. iii. 13.

Obsequious, dutiful, with perhaps a reference to the other sense of the word = "funereal"; I. ii. 92.

Occulted, concealed, hidden; III. ii. 85.

Occurrents, occurrences; V. ii. 368.

Odds; "at the o.," with the advantage allowed; V. ii. 221.

O'er-crows, triumphs over; V. ii. 364.

Over-raught, over-reached, over-took (Quartos, "*ore-raught*"; Folios 1, 2, "*ore-wrought*"; Folios 3, 4, "*o're-took*"; Warburton, "*o'er-rode*"); III. i. 17.

O'er-reaches, outwits (Folio 1, "*o're Offices*"; Folio 2, "*ore-Offices*"); V. i. 87.

O'er-sized, covered with size, a sort of glue; II. ii. 484.

O'er-teemed, worn out with child-bearing; II. ii. 531.

O'ertook, overcome by drink, intoxicated; II. i. 58.

O'erweigh, outweigh; III. ii. 31.

Of, resulting from, IV. iv. 41; by, I. i. 25, IV. iii. 4; in, I. v. 60; on, IV. v. 200; about, concerning, IV. v. 46; upon ("*I have an eye of you*"), II. ii. 301; over, II. ii. 27.

Offence, advantages gained by offence; III. iii. 56.

Omen, fatal event portended by the omen (Theobald, "*omen'd*"); I. i. 123.

Ominous, fatal; II. ii. 476.

On, in, V. i. 211; in consequence of, following on, V. ii. 406.

Once, ever; I. v. 121.

On 't, of it; III. i. 183.

Oped, opened; I. iv. 50.

Open'd, discovered, disclosed; II. ii. 18.
Operant, active; III. ii. 181.
Opposed, opponent; I. iii. 67.
Opposites, opponents; V. ii. 62.
Or, before, ere; V. ii. 30.
Orb, earth; II. ii. 504.
Orchard, garden (Quarto, 1676, "*garden*"); I. v. 35.
Order, prescribed rule; V. i. 240.
Ordinant, ordaining (Folios, "*ordinate*"); V. ii. 48.
Ordnance, cannon (Folio 1, "*Ordinance*"); V. ii. 273.
Ore, gold; IV. i. 25.
Or ere, before; I. ii. 147.
Organ, instrument; IV. vii. 71.
Orisons, prayers; III. i. 89.
Ossa, a reference to the story of the giants, who piled Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa, three mountains in Thessaly, upon each other, in their attempt to scale heaven; V. i. 295.
Ostentation, funeral pomp; IV. v. 215.
Outstretched, puffed up; II. ii. 270.
Overlooked, perused; IV. vi. 12.
Overpeering, overflowing, rising above; IV. v. 99.
Owl was a baker's daughter; alluding to the story current among the folk telling how Christ went into a baker's shop, and asked for bread, but was refused by the baker's daughter, in return for which He transformed her into an owl; IV. v. 41.
Packing, plotting, contriving; (?) going off in a hurry; used probably in the former sense, with play upon the latter; III. iv. 211.
Paddock, toad; III, iv, 190.
Painted; "p. tyrant," *i.e.* tyrant in a picture, II. ii. 502; unreal, fictitious, III. i. 53.
Pajock = pea-pock (*i.e.* jack), peacock (*cp.* Scotch "bubbly-jock" = a turkey); III. ii. 292.
Pall, become useless (Quartos 3, 4, 6, "*fall*"; Pope, "*fail*"); V. ii. 9.
Pansies; "love-in-idleness," the symbol of thought (Folio 1, "*Paconcies*"); IV. v. 176.
Pardon, permission to take leave; I. ii. 56.
Parle, parley; I. i. 62.
Part, quality, gift; IV. vii. 77.
Partisan, a kind of halberd; I. i. 140. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From specimens of (*a*) *temp.* Edward IV., (*b*) the XVIth century.

Parts, gifts, endowments; IV. vii. 74.

Party, person, companion; II. i. 42.

Pass, passage; II. ii. 77.

——, "p. of practice," treacherous thrust; IV. vii. 139.

Passage; "for his p.," to accompany his departure, in place of the passingbell; V. ii. 401.

Passeth, surpasseth (Quartos, "*passes*"); I. ii. 85.

Passion, violent sorrow; II. ii. 538.

Passionate, full of passion, feeling; II. ii. 451.

Pate, a contemptuous word for *head*; V. i. 112.

Patience, permission; III. ii. 112.

Patrick, invoked as being the patron saint of all blunders and confusion (or perhaps as the Keeper of Purgatory); I. v. 136.

Pause, time for reflection; III. i. 68.

——, "deliberate p.," a matter for deliberate arrangement; IV. iii. 9.

——, "in p.," in deliberation, in doubt; III. iii. 42.

Peace-parted, having departed in peace; V. i. 250.

Peak, sneak, play a contemptible part; II. ii. 591.

Pelican, a bird which is supposed to feed its young with its own blood (Folio 1, "*politician*"); IV. v. 146.

Perdy, a corruption of *par Dieu*; III. ii. 302.

Periwig-pated, wearing a wig (at this time wigs were worn only by actors); III. ii. 10.

Perpend, consider; II. ii. 105.

Perusal, study, examination; II. i. 90.

Peruse, examine closely; IV. vii. 137.

Petar, petard, "an Engine (made like a Bell or Mortar) wherewith strong gates are burst open" (Cotgrave); III. iv. 207.

Pick-axe; "a pick-axe, and a spade, a spade"; V. i. 98. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From the XVIIth century framework on the door of the bonehouse of S. Olave's Church, Hart Street.

Picked, refined, fastidious; V. i. 146.

Pickers and stealers, i.e. hands (alluding to the catechism, "Keep my hands from picking and stealing"); III. ii. 343.

Picture in little, miniature; II. ii. 383.

Pigeon-liver'd, too mild tempered; II. ii. 602.

Pioner, pioneer; I. v. 163.

Pitch, height, importance (originally, height to which a falcon soars); (Folios, "*pith*"); III. i. 86.

Piteous, pitiful, exciting compassion; II. i. 94.

Pith and marrow, the most valuable part; I. iv. 22.

Plausive, plausible, pleasing; I. iv. 30.

Plautus; "P. too light," alluding to the fact that Plautus was taken as the word for comedy by the Academic play-wrights; II. ii. 420.

Played i' the University, alluding to the old academic practice of acting Latin or English plays at Christmastide, or in honour of distinguished visitors (a play on Cæsar's death was performed at Oxford in 1582); III. ii. 104.

Played; "p. the desk or tablebook," *i.e.* been the agent of their correspondence; II. ii. 136.

Plot, piece of ground; IV. iv. 62.

Plurisy, plethora, a fulness of blood (*as if* Latin *plus,* more, but really an affection of the lungs, Gk. πλευρα); IV. vii. 118.

Point; "at p.," completely (so Quartos; Folios, "*at all points*") I. ii. 200.

Polack, Pole; II. ii. 75.

——, Polish; V. ii. 379.

Polacks, Poles (Quartos, Folio 1, "*pollax*"; *v.* Note); I. i. 63.

Pole, pole-star; I. i. 36.

Politician, plotter, schemer; V. i. 82.

Porpentine, porcupine; I. v. 20.

Posset, curdle (Quartos, "*possesse*"); I. v. 68.

Posy, motto, verse on a ring; III. ii. 162.

Powers, armed force, troops; IV. iv. 9.

Practice, artifice, plot; IV. vii. 68.

Precedent, former; III. iv. 98.

Precurse, forerunning; I. i. 121.

Pregnant, yielding, ready; III. ii. 66.

Prenominate, aforesaid; II. i. 43.

Prescripts, orders (Folios, "*precepts*"); II. ii. 142.

Presently, at once, immediately; II. ii. 170.

Present push, immediate proof; V. i. 307.

Pressure, impress, imprint; III. ii. 27.

Pressures, impressions; I. v. 100.

Prevent, anticipate; II. ii. 305.

Prick'd on, incited, spurred on; I. i. 83.

Primal, first; III. iii. 37.

Primy, spring-like; I. iii. 7.

Privates, common soldiers; II. ii. 238.

Probation, proof (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 156.

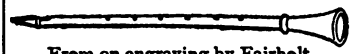
Process, decree; IV. iii. 65.
Prodigal, prodigally; I. iii. 116.
Profit, advantage; II. ii. 24.
Progress, journey made by a sovereign through his own country; IV. iii. 33.
Pronounce, speak on; III. ii. 317.
Proof, trial of strength; II. ii. 509.
Proper, appropriate; II. i. 114.
——, own, very; V. ii. 66.
Property, kingly right (? "own person"); II. ii. 594.
Proposer, orator; II. ii. 297.
Providence in the fall of a sparrow, alluding to *Matthew* x. 29, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father"; V. ii. 222.
Provincial roses, properly, double-damask roses; here, rosettes of ribbon worn on shoes; the name was derived either from Provence or Provins near Paris, both places being famous for their roses; III. ii. 288. (*Cp.* the accompanying specimens.)
Puff'd, bloated; I. iii. 49.
Puppets; "p. dallying," (?) the figures in the puppet-show (in which Ophelia and her lover were to play a part); more probably used in some wanton sense; III. ii. 254.
Purgation; "put him to his p.," a play upon the legal and medical senses of the word; III. ii. 313.
Pursy, fat with pampering; III. iv. 153.
Put on, incite, instigate, IV. vii. 132; put to the test, tried, V. ii. 400; assume, I. v. 172.
Put on me, impressed upon me; I. iii. 94.

Quaintly, artfully, skilfully; II. i. 31.
Quality, profession, calling (especially the actor's profession); II. ii. 363.
Quantity, measure, portion; III. iv. 75.
Quarry, heap of dead; V. ii. 367.
Question, talk; III. i. 13.
——, "cry out on the top of q.," *i.e.* speak in a high key, or in a high childish treble; II. ii. 355.

'Provincial roses.'
From portraits of the time of Elizabeth and James I.

Questionable, inviting question; I. iv. 43.
Quest law, inquest law; V. i. 24.
Quick, alive; V. i. 132.
Quiddities, subtleties (Folios, "*quiddits*"); V. i. 103.
Quietus, a law term for the official settlement of an account; III. i. 75.
Quillets, subtle arguments; V. i. 104.
Quintessence, the highest or fifth essence (a term in alchemy); II. ii. 31.
Quit, requite; V. ii. 68.
Quoted, observed, noted; II. i. 112.

Rack, mass of clouds in motion; II. ii. 503.
Range, roam at large; III. iii. 2.
Ranker, richer, greater; IV. iv. 22.
Rankly, grossly; I. v. 38.
Rapier, a small sword used in thrusting; V. ii. 145.
Rashly, hastily; V. ii. 6.
Ravel out, unravel (Quartos 2-5, "*roucll*"); III. iv. 186.
Razed, slashed; III. ii. 288.
Reach, capacity; II. i. 64.
Recks, cares, minds (Quartos, "*reck'st*"); I. iii. 51.
Recognizances; "a recognizance is a bond or obligation of record testifying the recogniser to owe to the recognisee a certain sum of money" (Cowel); V. i. 109.
Recorders, a kind of flute or flageolet; III. ii. 303. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From on engraving by Fairholt.

Recoveries, a law term (*v.* "Vouchers"); V. i. 110.
Rede, counsel, advice; I. iii. 51.
Redeliver, report; V. ii. 179.
Reels, dances wildly; I. iv. 9.
Regards, conditions; II. ii. 79.
Region, air ("originally a division of the sky marked out by the Roman augurs"); II. ii. 506.
Relative, conclusive, to the purpose; II. ii. 630.
Relish of, have a taste, flavour; III. i. 120.
Remember; "I beseech you, r.," the full saying is found in *Love's Labour's Lost,* V. i. 103; "*I do beseech thee remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee apparel thy head*"; V. ii. 105.
Remembrances, mementos; III. i. 93.
Remiss, careless; IV. vii. 135.
Remorse, pity; II. ii. 510.
Remove, removal; IV. v. 81.
Removed, retired, secluded; I. iv. 61.
Repast, feed; IV. v. 147.
Replication, reply, answer; IV. ii. 13.
Requite, repay; I. ii. 251.
Residence, a fixed abode as opposed to strolling; used technically of theatrical companies; II. ii. 343.

Resolutes, desperadoes; I. i. 98.
Resolve, dissolve, melt; I. ii. 130.
Re-speaking, re-echoing; I. ii. 128.
Respect, consideration, motive; III. i. 68.
Rest, stay, abode; II. ii. 13.
Rests, remains; III. iii. 64.
Retrograde, contrary; I. ii. 114.
Return'd; "had r.," would have returned (Quartos, "*returne*"); I. i. 91.
Reverend, venerable; II. ii. 498.
Revolution, change; V. i. 98.
Re-word, repeat in the very words; III. iv. 143.
Rhapsody, a collection of meaningless words; III. iv. 48.
Rhenish, Rhenish wine; I. iv. 10.
Riband, ribbon, ornament; IV. vii. 78.
Rights of memory, rights remembered (Folios, "*Rites*"); V. ii. 392.
Rites, funeral service; V. i. 231.
Rivals, partners, sharers; I. i. 13.
Robustious, sturdy; III. ii. 10.
Romage, bustle, turmoil; I. i. 107.
Rood, cross; "by the rood," an oath; III. iv. 14.
Roots itself, takes root, grows; I. v. 33.
Roscius, the most celebrated actor of ancient Rome; II. ii. 410.
Rose, charm, grace; III. iv. 42.
Rosemary, a herb; the symbol of remembrance, particularly used at weddings and funerals; IV. v. 175.
Rough-hew, make the rough, or first form; a technical term in carpentering; V. ii. 11.
Round, in a straightforward manner; II. ii. 139.
Rouse, bumper, revel ("the Danish *rousa*"); I. ii. 127.
Row, stanza (properly = line); II. ii. 438.
Rub, impediment; a term in the game of bowls; III. i. 65.
Rue, called also "herb of grace"; emblematic of repentance (Ophelia is probably playing on *rue* = repentance, and "*rue, even for ruth*" = pity; the former signification for the queen, the latter for herself) (*cp. Richard II.,* III. iv. 104); IV. v. 181.

Sables, fur used for the trimming of rich robes; perhaps with a play on "*sable*" = black; III. ii. 135.
Safety; trisyllabic (so Quartos; Folios, "*sanctity*"; Theobald, "*sanity*"); I. iii. 21.
Sallets, salads; used metaphorically for "relish" (Pope, "*salts,*" later "*salt*"); II. ii. 461.
Sandal shoon, shoes consisting of soles tied to the feet (*shoon,* archaic plural); (Quartos, "*Sendall*"); IV. v. 26.
Sans, without; III. iv. 79.
Sate, satiate; I. v. 56.

Satyr, taken as a type of deformity; I. ii. 140.
Saws, maxims; I. v. 100.
Say'st, say'st well; V. i. 27.
'Sblood, a corruption of "*God's blood*"; an oath; II. ii. 384.
Scann'd, carefully considered; III. iii. 75.
'Scapes, escapes; I. iii. 38.
Scarf'd, put on loosely like a scarf; V. ii. 13.
Scholar, a man of learning, and hence versed in Latin, the language of exorcists; I. i. 42.
School, university; I. ii. 113.
Sconce, colloquial term for head; V. i. 106.
——, ensconce (Quartos, Folios, "*silence*"); III. iv. 4.
Scope, utmost, aim; III. ii. 226.
Scourge, punishment; IV. iii. 6.
Scrimers, fencers; IV. vii. 101.
Scullion, the lowest servant; used as a term of contempt; II. ii. 613.
Sea-gown; "esclavine, a seagowne; or a course, high-collared, and short-sleeved gowne, reaching downe to the mid-leg, and used most by seamen, and Saylors" (Cotgrave); V. ii. 13.
Seals; "to give them s.," to ratify by action; III. ii. 408.
Sea of troubles (*v.* "take arms"), etc.; III. i. 59.
Season, temper, restrain; I. ii. 192.
——, ripen; I. iii. 81.
——, qualify; II. i. 28.
Seasons, matures, seasons; III. ii. 219.
Secure, careless, unsuspicious (Johnson, "*secret*"); I. v. 61.
Seeming, appearance; III. ii. 92.
Seized of, possessed of; I. i. 89.
Semblable, equal, like; V. ii. 120.
Seneca; "S. cannot be too heavy," alluding to the rhetorical Senecan plays taken as models for tragedy by the Academic play-wrights; II. ii. 419.
Sense, feeling, sensibility; III. iv. 71.
Sensibly, feelingly (Folio 1, "*sensible*"); IV. v. 150.
Se offendendo, Clown's blunder for *se defendendo*; V. i. 9.
Sequent, consequent, following; V. ii. 54.
Sergeant, sheriff's officer; V. ii. 347.
Set, regard, esteem; IV. iii. 64.
Several, different; V. ii. 20.
Shall, will; III. i. 184.
Shall along, shall go along; III. iii. 4.
Shape; "to our s.," to act our part; IV. vii. 151.
Shards, fragments of pottery; V. i. 254.
Shark'd up, picked up without selection; I. i. 98.
Sheen, brightness, lustre; III. ii. 167.
Sheeted, enveloped in shrouds; I. i. 115.
Shent, put to the blush, reproached; III. ii. 416.
Short; "kept s.," kept, as it were, tethered, under control; IV. i. 18.

Should, would; III. ii. 316.
Shreds and patches, alluding to the motley dress worn by the clown, and generally by the Vice; III. iv. 102.
Shrewdly, keenly, piercingly; I. iv. 1.
Shriving-time, time for confession and absolution; V. ii. 47.
Siege, rank; IV. vii. 77.
Simple, silly, weak; I. ii. 97.
Simples, herbs; IV. vii. 145.
Sith, ince; IV. iv. 12.
Skirts, outskirts, borders; I. i. 97.
Slander, abuse; I. iii. 133.
Sledded, travelling in sledges; I. i. 63.
Slips, faults, offences; II. i. 22.
Sliver, a small branch of a tree; IV. vii. 175.
So, such, III. i. 69; provided that, IV. vii. 61.
Softly, slowly (Folios, "*safely*"); IV. iv. 8.
Soft you now, hush, be quiet; III. i. 88.
Soil, stain; I. iv. 20.
Sole, only; III. iii. 77.
Solicited, urged, moved; V. ii. 361.
Something, somewhat (Folios, "*somewhat*"); I. iii. 121.
Sometimes, formerly; I. i. 49.
Sort, associate; II. ii. 274.
——, turn out; I. i. 109.
Sovereignty; "your s. of reason," the command of your reason; I. iv. 73.
Splenitive, passionate, impetuous; V. i. 273.
Springes, snares; I. iii. 115.
Spurns, kicks; IV. v. 6.
Stand me upon, be incumbent on me; V. ii. 63.
Star, sphere; II. ii. 141.
Station, attitude in standing; III. iv. 58.
Statists, statesmen; V. ii. 33.
Statutes; "particular modes of recognizance or acknowledgement for securing debts, which thereby become a charge upon the party's land" (Ritson); V. i. 109.
Stay, wait for; V. ii. 24.
Stay'd, waited; I. iii. 57.
Stays, waits for me; III. iii. 95.
Stay upon, await; III. ii. 112.
Stick fiery off, stand in brilliant relief; V. ii. 260.
Stiffly, strongly; I. v. 95.
Still, always; I. i. 122.
Stithy, smithy (Folio 1, "*Stythe*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Styth*"; Theobald, "*Smithy*"); III. ii. 89.
Stomach, courage; I. i. 100.
Stoup, drinking cup; V. i. 64.
Straight, straightway; II. ii. 450.
Stranger; "as a s.," *i.e.* without doubt or question; I. v. 165.
Strewments, strewing of flowers over the corpse and grave; V. i. 245.
Strike, blast, destroy by their influence; I. i. 162.
Stuck, thrust; an abbreviation of *stoccato*; IV. vii. 162.
Subject, subjects, people; I. i. 72.
Succession, future; II. ii. 368.

Suddenly, immediately; II. ii. 215.

Sullies, stains, blemishes, II. i. 39.

Sun; "too much i' the s.," probably a quibbling allusion to the old proverb "Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun," = out of comfort, miserable; I. ii. 67.

Supervise, supervision, perusal; V. ii. 23.

Suppliance, dalliance, amusement; I. iii. 9.

Supply, aiding; II. ii. 24.

Supposal, opinion; I. ii. 18.

Swaddling clouts, swaddling clothes (Folios "*swathing*"); II. ii. 401.

Sweet, sweetheart; III. ii. 232.

Swinish; "with s. phrase," by calling us swine (a pun on "*Sweyn*" has been found in the phrase); I. iv. 19.

Switzers, Swiss guards (Quartos, "*Swissers*"); IV. v. 97.

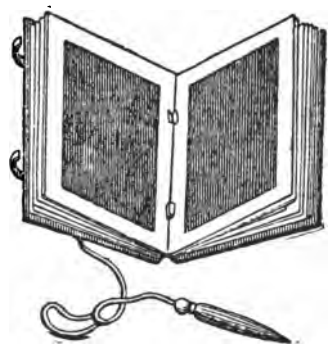
Swoopstake, sweepstake (the term is taken from a game of cards, the winner sweeping or drawing the whole stake); IV. v. 142.

'Swounds, a corruption of *God's wounds;* an oath; II. ii. 601.

Swounds, swoons, faints (Quartos 2-5, Folios 1, 2, "sounds"); V. ii. 311.

Table, tablet; I. v. 98.

Tables, tablets, memorandum-book; I. v. 107. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From Gesner's *De rerum fossilium figuris,* 1565.

Taints, stains, blemishes; II. i. 32.

Take arms against a sea, an allusion to a custom attributed to the Kelts by Aristotle, Strabo, and other writers; "they throw themselves into the foaming floods with their swords drawn in their hands," *etc.* (Fleming's trans. of Aelian's *Histories,* 1576); III. i. 59.

Takes, affects, enchants (Folios 1, 2, "*talkes*"; Folios 3, 4, "*talks*"); I. i. 163.

Take you, pretend; II. i. 13.

Tardy; "come t. off," being too feebly shown; III. ii. 28.

Tarre, incite; II. ii. 370.

Tax'd, censured; I. iv. 18.

Tell, count; I. ii. 238.

Temper'd, compounded (Folios, "*temp'red*"); V. ii. 331.

Temple (applied to the body); I. iii. 12.

Tend, wait; IV. iii. 47.

Tender, regard, have a care for; I. iii. 107.
Tenders, promises; I. iii. 106.
Tent, probe; II. ii. 623.
Termagant, a common character in the mystery-plays, represented as a most violent tyrant; often referred to in association with Mahoun, and seemingly as a Saracen god; III. ii. 15.
Tetter, a diseased thickening of the skin; I. v. 71.
That, that which; II. ii. 7.
——, so that; IV. v. 217.
Theft, the thing stolen; III. ii. 94.
Thereabout of it, that part of it; II. ii. 466.
Thews, sinews, bodily strength; I. iii. 12.
Thieves of mercy, merciful thieves; IV. vi. 20.
Thinking; "not th. on," not being thought of, being forgotten; III. ii. 140.
Think'st thee, seems it to thee (Quartos, "*think thee*"); V. ii. 63.
Thought, care, anxiety; IV. v. 188.
Thought-sick, sick with anxiety; III. iv. 51.
Thrift, profit; III. ii. 67.
Throughly, thoroughly; IV. v. 136.
Tickle o' the sere, easily moved to laughter; used originally of a musket in which the "*sere*" or trigger is "tickle," *i.e.* "easily moved by a touch"; II. ii. 337.
Timber'd; "too slightly t.," made of too light wood; IV. vii. 22.
Time, the temporal world; III. i. 70.
Tinct, dye, colour; III. iv. 91.
To, compared to; I. ii. 140.
To-do, ado; II. ii. 369.
Toils, makes to toil; I. i. 72.
Too, too (used with intensive force); I. ii. 129.
Topp'd, overtopped, surpassed (Folios, "*past*"); IV. vii. 89.
Touch'd, implicated; IV. v. 207.
Toward, forthcoming, at hand; I. i. 77.
Toy in blood, a passing fancy; I. iii. 6.
Toys, fancies; I. iv. 75.
Trace, follow; V. ii. 120.
Trade, business; III. ii. 346.
Translate, transform, change; III. i. 113.
Travel, stroll, go on tour in the provinces (used technically); II. ii. 343.
Trick, toy, trifle, IV. iv. 61; faculty, skill, V. i. 99; habit, IV. vii. 189.
Trick'd, adorned; a term of heraldry; II. ii. 477.
Tristful, sorrowful; III. iv. 50.
Tropically, figuratively; III. ii. 244.
Truant, idler; I. ii. 173.
——, roving; I. ii. 169.
True-penny, honest fellow; I. v. 150.
Trumpet, trumpeter; I. i. 150.
Truster, believer; I. ii. 172.

Turn turk, change utterly for the worse (a proverbial phrase); III. ii. 284.
Twelve for nine; this phrase, according to the context, must mean "twelve to nine," *i.e.* twelve on one side, to nine on the other; V. ii. 167.
Tyrannically, enthusiastically, vehemently; II. ii. 356.

Umbrage, shadow; V. ii. 121.
Unaneled, not having received extreme unction; I. v. 77.
Unbated, not blunted, without a button fixed to the end; IV. vii. 139.
Unbraced, unfastened; II. i. 78.
Uncharge, not charge, not accuse; IV. vii. 68.
Undergo, bear, endure; I. iv. 34.
Uneffectual; "u. fire"; *i.e.* ineffectual, being "lost in the light of the morning"; I. v. 90.
Unequal, unequally; II. ii. 490.
Ungalled, unhurt; III. ii. 283.
Ungored, unwounded; V. ii. 253.
Ungracious, graceless; I. iii. 47.
Unhousel'd, without having received the Sacrament; I. v. 77.
Unimproved, unemployed, not turned to account (? "*unapproved,*" *i.e.* "untried"; Quarto 1, "*inapproved*"); I. i. 96.
Union, fine orient pearl (Quarto 2, "*Venice*"; Quartos 3-6, "*Onyx*" or "*Onixe*"); V. ii. 275.
Unkennel, discover, disclose; III. ii. 86.
Unlimited; "poem u.," *i.e.* (probably) regardless of the Unities of Time and Place; II. ii. 419.
Unmaster'd, unbridled; I. iii. 32.
Unpregnant, unapt, indifferent to; II. ii. 592.
Unprevailing, unavailing, useless; I. ii. 107.
Unproportion'd, unsuitable; I. iii. 60.
Unreclaimed, untamed, wild; II. i. 34.
Unshaped, confused; IV. v. 8.
Unsifted, untried; I. iii. 102.
Unsinew'd, weak; IV. vii. 10.
Unsure, insecure; IV. iv. 51.
Unvalued, low born, mean; I. iii. 19.
Unwrung, not wrenched, ungalled; III. ii. 250.
Unyoke, your day's work is done; V. i. 55.
Up; "drink u." (used with intensive force); V. i. 288.
Upon; "u. your hour," *i.e.* on the stroke of, just at your hour; I. i. 6.
Upon my sword, i.e. Swear upon my sword (the hilt being in form of a cross); I. v. 147.
Upshot, conclusion; V. ii. 387.
Up-spring, the wildest dance at the old German merry-makings; I. iv. 9.

Vailed lids, lowered eyelids; I. ii. 70.
Valanced, adorned with a beard; II. ii. 442.

Validity, value, worth; III. ii. 196.

Vantage; "of v.," from an advantageous position, or opportunity (Warburton); III. iii. 33.

Variable, various; IV. iii. 25.

Vast, void (so Quarto 1; Quarto 2, Folio 1, "*wast*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*waste*"); I. ii. 198.

Ventages, holes of the recorder; III. ii. 365.

Vice of kings, buffoon, clown of a king; alluding to the *Vice,* the comic character, of the old morality plays; III. iv. 98.

Videlicet, that is to say, namely; II. i. 61.

Vigour; "sudden v.," rapid power; I. v. 68.

Violet, emblem of faithfulness; IV. v. 184.

Virtue, power; IV. v. 155.

Visitation, visit; II. ii. 25.

Voice, vote, opinion; V. ii. 252.

Vouchers; "double v., his recoveries," "a recovery with *double voucher* is the one usually suffered, and is so denominated from *two* persons (the latter of whom is always the common cryer, or some such inferior person) being successively *vouched,* or called upon, to warrant the tenant's title" (Ritson); V. i. 110.

Wag, move; III. iv. 39.

Wake, hold nightly revel; I. iv. 8.

Wandering stars, planets; V. i. 268.

Wann'd, turned pale; II. ii. 577.

Wanton; effeminate weakling; V. ii. 302.

——, wantonly; III. iv. 183.

Wantonness, affectation; III. i. 152.

Warranty, warrant; V. i. 239.

Wash, sea; III. ii. 163.

Wassail, carousal, drinking bout; I. iv. 9.

Watch, state of sleeplessness; II. ii. 148.

Water-fly (applied to Osric); "a water-fly skips up and down upon the surface of the water without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler" (Johnson); V. ii. 83.

Waves, beckons (Folios, "*wafts*"); I. iv. 68.

We; "and we," used loosely after conjunction instead of accusation of regard, *i.e.* "as for us"; I. iv. 54.

Weeds, robes; IV. vii. 81.

Well-took, well undertaken; II. ii. 83.

Wharf, bank, I. v. 33.

What, who; IV. vi. 1.

Wheel, the burden or refrain of a song (or, perhaps, the spinning-wheel to which it may be sung); IV. v. 172.

Whether (monosyllabic); II. ii. 17.

Which, who; IV. vii. 4.

Wholesome, reasonable, sensible; III. ii. 323.

Wildness, madness; III. i. 40.

Will; "virtue of his will," *i.e.* his virtuous intention; I. iii. 16.

Wind; "to recover the w. of me," a hunting term, meaning to get to windward of the game, so that it may not scent the toil or its pursuers: III. ii. 354.

Windlasses, winding, indirect ways; II. i. 65.

Winking; "given my heart a w.," closed the eyes of my heart (Quartos 2-5, "*working*"); II. ii. 137.

Winnowed (*vide* "Fond").

Wit, wisdom; II. ii. 90.

Withal, with; I. iii. 28.

Withdraw; "to w. with you," *i.e.* "to speak a word in private with you" (Schmidt); III. ii. 352.

Withers, the part between the shoulder-blades of a horse; III. ii. 250.

Within's, within this; III. ii. 132.

Wittenberg, the University of Wittenberg (founded 1502); I. ii. 113.

Wonder-wounded, struck with surprise; V. i. 269.

Woodcocks, birds supposed to be brainless; hence proverbial use; I. iii. 115.

Woo't, contraction of *wouldst thou*; V. i. 287.

Word, watch-word; I. v. 110.

Worlds; "both the w.," this world and the next; IV. v. 134.

Would, wish; I. ii. 235.

Woundless, invulnerable; IV. i. 44.

Wreck, ruin; II. i. 113.

Wretch, here used as a term of endearment; II. ii. 168.

Writ; "law of w. and liberty," probably a reference to the plays written with or without decorum, *i.e.* the supposed canons of dramatic art, = "classical" and "romantic" plays (according to some = "adhering to the text or extemporizing when need requires"); II. ii. 421.

Yaughan; "get thee to Y." (so Folio 1; Quarto 2, "*get thee in and*"); probably the name of a well-known keeper of an alehouse near the Globe, perhaps the Jew, "one Johan," alluded to in *Every Man out of his Humour,* V. iv.; V. i. 63.

Yaw, stagger, move unsteadily (a nautical term); V. ii. 115.

Yeoman's service, good service, such as the yeoman performed for his lord (Quartos 2, 3, 4, "*yemans*"); V. ii. 36.

Yesty, foamy; V. ii. 198.

Yorick, the name of a jester, lamented by Hamlet; perhaps a corruption of the Scandinavian name Erick, or its English equivalent (the passage possibly contains a tribute to the comic actor Tarlton); V. i. 191.

Yourself; "in y.," for yourself, personally; II. i. 71.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 63. *'He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice'*; Quarto 1, Quarto 2, Folio 1, *'pollax,'* variously interpreted as *'Polacks,' 'poleaxe,'* etc.; there is very little to be said against the former interpretation, unless it be that 'the ambitious Norway' in the previous sentence would lead one to expect 'the sledded Polack,' a commendable reading originally proposed by Pope.

I. i. 108-125. These lines occur in the Quartos, but are omitted in Folios.

I. i. 167. *'eastward,'* so Quartos; Folios, *'easterne'*; the latter reading was perhaps in Milton's mind when he wrote:—

> *"Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime*
> *Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearls."*
> *Par. Lost*, v. 1.

I. ii. 9. *'to'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios *'of.'*

I. ii. 58-60. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 12. *'this temple'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'his temple.'*

I. iii. 16. *'will,'* so Quartos; Folios, *'fear.'*

I. iii. 18. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iii. 26. *'particular act and place,'* so Quartos; Folios, *'peculiar sect and force.'*

I. iii. 59. Polonius' precepts have been traced back to Euphues' advice to Philautus; the similarity is certainly striking (*vide* Rushton's *Shakespeare's Euphuism*); others see in the passage a reference to Lord Burleigh's 'ten precepts,' enjoined upon Robert Cecil when about to set out on his travels (French's *Shakespeareana Genealogica, v.* Furness, Vol. II., p. 239).

I. iii. 65. *'comrade'* (accented on the second syllable), so Folio 1; Quartos (also Quarto 1), *'cowrage.'*

I. iii. 74. *'Are of a most select and generous chief in that'*; so Folio 1; Quarto 1, *'are of a most select and general chiefe in that'*; Quarto 2, *'Or of a most select and generous chiefe in that'*; the line is obviously incorrect; the simplest emendation of the

many proposed is the omission of the words '*of a*,' and '*chief*,' which were probably due to marginal corrections of '*in*' and '*best*' in the previous lines:—

"*Are most select and generous in that.*"

(Collier '*choice*' for '*chief*'; Staunton '*sheaf*,' *i.e.* set, clique, suggested by the Euphuistic phrase "gentlemen of the best sheaf").

I. iii. 109. '*Running*,' Collier's conj.; Quartos, '*Wrong*'; Folio 1, '*Roaming*'; Pope, '*Wronging*'; Warburton, '*Wronging*'; Theobald, '*Ranging*,' etc.

I. iii. 130. '*bawds*'; Theobald's emendation of '*bonds*,' the reading of Quartos and Folio 1.

I. iv. 17-38. Omitted in Folio 1 (also Quarto 1).

I. iv. 36-38.

'*the dram of eale*
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal';

this famous crux has taxed the ingenuity of generations of scholars, and some fifty various readings and interpretations have been proposed. The general meaning of the words is clear, emphasizing as they do the previous statement that as a man's virtues, be they as pure as grace, shall in the general censure take corruption from one particular fault, even so 'the dram of eale' reduces all the noble substance to its own low level.

The difficulty of the passage lies in (i.) '*eale*' and (ii.) '*Doth . . . of a doubt*'; a simple explanation of (i.) is that '*eale*' = '*e'il*,' *i.e.* '*evil*' (similarly in Quarto 2, II. ii. 627, '*deale*' = '*de'ile*' = '*devil*'). The chief objection to this plausible conjecture is that one would expect some rather more definite than 'dram of evil'; it is said, however, that '*eale*' is still used in the sense of 'reproach' in the western counties. Theobald proposed 'base,' probably having in mind the lines in *Cymbeline* (III. v. 88):—

"*From whose so many weights of baseness cannot*
A dram of worth be drawn."

As regards (ii.), no very plausible emendation has been proposed; '*of a doubt*' has been taken to be a printer's error for '*often dout*,' '*oft endoubt*,' '*offer doubt*,' '*oft work out*,' etc. To the many questions which these words have called forth, the present writer is rash enough to add one more:—Could, perhaps,

'doth of a doubt' = deprives of the benefit of a doubt? Is there any instance of 'do' in XVIth century English = 'deprive'; the usage is common in modern English slang.

I. iv. 75-78. Omitted in Folio 1.

I. v. 22. *'List, list, O, list!'* so Quartos; Folio 1, *'list, Hamlet, oh list.'*

II. i. The stage direction in Quartos:—*Enter old Polonius, with his man or two*; Folios, *Polonius and Reynaldo*; in Quarto 1, *Reynaldo* is called *Montano*, hence perhaps the reading of later Quartos.

II. i. 4. *'to make inquire'*; so Quartos; Folios read, *'you make inquiry.'*

II. ii. 17. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 73. *'three'*; so Quarto 1 and Folios; Quartos read *'threescore.'*

II. ii. 216-217, 244-276. The reading of Folios; omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 234. *'On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.'* For an example of this ornament *cp.* the accompanying cut, which is reproduced from a tapestry of the time of Henry VII.

II. ii. 336-337. *'the clown . . . sere,'* omitted in Quartos; *vide* Glossary, *"tickle o' the sere."*

II. ii. 346, 347. *'I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation'; vide* Preface.

II. ii. 351-377. Omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 354-358. *cp.*:—

> *"I saw the children of Powles last night;*
> *And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,*
> *The apes, in time, will do it handsomely.*
> *—I like the audience that frequenteth there*
> *With much applause."*
>
> *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601).

II. ii. 466. *'Æneas' tale of Dido;'* one cannot but believe that Hamlet's criticism of the play is throughout ironical, and that the speeches quoted are burlesque. "The fancy that a burlesque was intended," wrote Coleridge, "sinks below criticism; the lines, as

epic narrative, are superb"; perhaps he would have changed his mind, and would have recognised them as mere parody, if he had read *Dido, Queen of Carthage,* a play left incomplete by Marlowe and finished by Nash (*cp. e.g.* Act II. Sc. i., which seems to be the very passage Shakespeare had in view).

II. ii. 485. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 493. '*Then senseless Ilium*'; 525, '*mobled . . . good*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 540. '*whether*'; Malone's emendation; Quartos, Folios, '*where*' (*i.e.* '*wh'ere* = *whether*').

II. ii. 562. '*a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines*'; here was much throwing about of brains in the attempt to find these lines in the play-scene in Act III. Sc. ii. "The discussion," as Furness aptly puts it, "is a tribute to Shakespeare's consummate art," and the view of this scholar commends itself—viz., that "in order to give an air of probability to what every one would feel [otherwise] highly improbable, Shakespeare represents Hamlet as adapting an old play to his present needs by inserting in it some pointed lines."

II. ii. 614:—

> '*Hum, I have heard*
> *That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,*' etc.;

vide Heywood's *Apology for Actors,* where a number of these stories are collected; perhaps, however, Shakespeare had in mind the plot of *A Warning for Faire Women,* a play on this theme published in 1599, referring to a *cause celebre* which befell at Lynn in Norfolk.

III. i. 13-14. '*Niggard of question, but of our demands most free*'; Hanmer, '*Most free of our question, but to our demands most niggard*'; Warburton, '*Most free of question, but of our demands most niggard*'; Collier MS., '*niggard of our questions, but to our demands most free.*'

III. i. 59. '*to take arms against a sea of troubles,*' etc.; the alleged confusion of metaphors in this passage was due to the commentator's ignorance, not to Shakespeare's; *vide* Glossary, '*take arms.*'

III. i. 79, 80:—

> '*The undiscovered country from whose bourn*
> *No traveller returns.*'

In Catullus' *Elegy on a Sparrow,* occur the words:—

> *"Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum*
> *Illuc unde negant redire quenquam."*

III. i. 147. *'paintings'*; so (Quarto 1) Quartos; Folio 1, *'pratlings'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'pratling'*; Pope, *'painting'*; Macdonald conj. *'prancings.'*

III. ii. 36. *'nor man'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'or Norman.'*

III. ii. 49. There is a striking passage in Quarto 1, omitted in Quarto 2 and Folio, concerning those 'that keep one suit of jests, as a man is known by one suit of apparell'; the lines have a Shakespearian note, and are probably of great interest.

III. ii. 142. Much has been said to explain the introduction of the dumb-show; from the historical point of view its place in a court-play is not surprising, *vide* Glossary, *'Dumb-show.'*

III. ii. 174. The reading of the Folios; Quartos read:—

> *'For women feare too much, even as they love,*
> *And women's fear and love holds quantity.'*

Johnson believed that a line was lost rhyming with *'love.'*

III. ii. 175. *'In neither aught, or in extremity'*; Malone's emendation; Folios, *'In neither ought,'* etc.; Quartos, *'Eyther none, in neither ought,'* etc.

III. ii. 211. *'favourite'*; Folio 1, *'favourites,'* a reading for which much is to be said.

III. ii. 246. *'Vienna'*; Quarto 1, *'Guyana'*; for *'Gonzago,'* Quarto 1 reads *Albertus,* who is throughout called Duke; in Quarto 2 it is always *King*; except here where Hamlet says *'Gonzago is the Duke's name.'*

III. ii. 261. *'the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge'*;

> *cp. "The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge,*
> *Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge."*
> *The True Tragedie of Rich. III.*

III. ii. 400. *'bitter business as the day'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'business as the bitter day.'*

III. iii. 7. *'lunacies'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'brewes.'*

III. iii. 79. *'hire and salary'*; so Folios; Quartos misprint, *base and silly.'*

III. iv. 71-76, 78-81, 161-165, 167-170, 202-210. Omitted in Folios.

III. iv. 169. *'And either . . . the devil'*; some such word as *'master,' 'quell,' 'shame,'* has been omitted in Quartos, which read *'and either the devil.'*

IV. i. 4. Omitted in Folios.

IV. i. 40-44. Folio 1 omits these lines, and ends scene with the words—

> *'And what's untimely done. Oh, come away,*
> *My soul is full of discord and dismay.'*

Theobald proposed to restore the line by adding *'for, haply, slander.'*

IV. ii. 19. *'like an ape'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'like an apple'*; Farmer conj. *'like an ape, an apple'*; Singer, from Qparto 1, *'like an ape doth nuts'*; Hudson (1879), *'as an ape doth nuts.'*

IV. ii. 24. *'A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear'*; a sentence proverbial since Shakespeare's time, but not known earlier.

IV. ii. 31. *cp.* Psalm cxliv., *'Man is like a thing of naught'*; 32-33, *'Hide fox, and all after,'* the reading of Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. iii. 27-30. Omitted in Folios.

IV. iii. 42. *'this deed, for thine'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'deed of thine, for thine.'*

IV. iii. 45. *'with fiery quickness'*; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. iii. 70. *'my haps, my joys were ne'er begun'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'my haps, my ioyes will nere begin'*; Johnson conj. *'my hopes, my joys are not begun'*; Heath conj. *''t may hap, my joys will ne'er begin'*; Collier MS., *'my hopes, my joyes were ne'er begun'*; Tschischwitz, *'my joys will ne'er begun.'*

IV. iv. 3. *'Craves'*; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, *'Claimes.'*

IV. iv. 9-66. The reading of the Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 14-16. Quartos and Folios assign these lines to Horatio; Blackstone rearranged the lines as in the text.

IV. v. 38. *'grave,'* so Quarto 1, Folios; Quartos, *'ground'*; *'did go'*; Pope's emendation of Quartos; Folios, *'did not go.'*

IV. v. 48-55. Song in Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 77. *'death, O'*; Quartos, *'death, and now behold, ô.'*

IV. v. 89. *'Feeds on his wonder'*: Johnson's emendation; Quartos, *'Feeds on this wonder'*; Folios, *'Keepes on his wonder'*; Hanmer, *'Feeds on his anger.'*

IV. v. 96. *'Alack, what noise is this?'* omitted in Quartos.

IV. v. 119. *'unsmirched brows'*; Grant White's emendation; Folio 1, *'unsmirched brow.'*

IV. v. 161-163, 165. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. v. 166. *'rain'd'*; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, *'raines.'*

IV. v. 172-173. *'It is the false steward,'* etc.; the story has not yet been identified.

IV. v. 195. *cp. 'Eastward Hoe'* (1604), by Jonson, Marston & Chapman for a travesty of the scene and this song (Act III. Sc. i.).

IV. vi. 2. *'Sea-faring men'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'Sailors.'*

IV. vii. 14. *'She's so conjunctive'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'She is so concline'*; Quarto, 1676, *'She is so precious.'*

IV. vii. 22. *'loud a wind,'* so Folios; Quartos 2, 3, *'loued Arm'd'*; Quartos 4, 5, *'loued armes.'*

IV. vii. 69-82. *'my lord . . . graveness'*; omitted in Folios; so, too, ll. 115-124.

IV. vii. 163. *'But stay, what noise?'* the reading of Quartos; omitted in Folios.

'The first murder.'
From Coverdale's Old Testament, 1535.

IV. vii. 179. *'tunes'*; so Folio 1 and Quarto 1; Quarto 2, *'lauds'* (*i.e.* chants).

IV. vii. 193. *'douts'*; Knight's emendation; Folio 1, *'doubts'*; Quartos, *'drownes.'*

V. i. 36-39, 110-112. *'is this . . . recoveries'*; 126, 193, omitted in Quartos.

V. i. 81. *'Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder.* Tradition assigned this implement to Cain, since weapons were not invented until the days of Tubal-cain, Gen. iv. 22. (*Cp.* illustration.)

V. i. 258. *'treble woe'*; the reading of Quartos 2, 3, 6; Folio 1, *'terrible woer'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'terrible wooer.'*

V. i. 287. *'woo't drink up eisel?'* *vide* Glossary, *'eisel'*; the various emendations *'Weissel,' 'Yssel'* (a northern branch of the Rhine), *'Nile,' 'Nilus,'* are all equally unnecessary.

V. ii. 9. *'pall'*; so Quarto 2; Folio 1, *'parle'*; Pope, *'fail.'*

V. ii. 31. *'they,' i.e.* my brains.

V. ii. 57, 68-80. Omitted in Quartos.

V. ii. 78. *'court'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'count.'*

V. ii. 99. *'or'*; Folios read *'for.'*

V. ii. 107-143. These lines are omitted in Folios, which read, *'Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.'*

V. ii. 126. *'another tongue?'* Johnson conj. *'a mother tongue'*; Heath conj. *'a mother tongue?'* No change is necessary; it is a bit of sarcasm.

V. ii. 155-156. Omitted in Folios.

V. ii. 188, 9. *'many more of the same breed'*; so Quartos; Folio 1 reads, *'mine more of the same Beauy'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'nine more of the same Beavy.'*

V. ii. 195-209. Omitted in Folios.

V. ii. 225-227. *'since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.'* The reading is taken partly from the Folios and partly from the Quartos; a long list of proposed emendations is given by the Cambridge editors.

V. ii. 243. Omitted in Quartos.

V. ii. 247. *'brother'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'mother.'*

V. ii. 290. *'He's fat and scant of breath'*; *vide* Glossary, *'Fat.'*

V. ii. 339. *Cp.* the accompanying drawing from a cut in the *Dance of Death.*

V. ii. 348. *'live'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'I leave.'*

V. ii. 386. *'forced cause'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'or no cause.'*

'this fell sergeant, Death.'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

13. *The rivals of my watch*:—The companions of my watch. The Quarto of 1603, in which this Scene corresponds to the text of Folio 1, with the exception of an omitted line or two, and which evidently represents the "true and perfect" text, has, *the partners of my watch*—a more obvious word, which a reporter would be likely to substitute for the authentic one. Compare *rivality* in *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. v., meaning *partnership*, and *The Tragedy of Hoffman* (1631):—

> "ile seat thee by my throne of state
> And make thee rivall in those governments."

16. *Give*:—Ellipsis for *God give*.

19. *A piece of him*:—Warburton supposed that Horatio gives his hand; it is night, adds Ingleby, and Horatio is hardly visible to Bernardo. Shakespeare's intention seems to be to show that Horatio, the skeptical, can answer jestingly.

21. *What, has this thing appear'd*, etc.:—Folio and Quarto of 1603 give this speech to Marcellus; the other Quartos to Horatio, who, as yet, does not believe that the Ghost has appeared at all.

42. *Thou art a scholar*:—The notion that ghosts, devils, and witches would notice only what was addressed to them in Latin was long a part of the superstition respecting their existence. It

was a lingering reminiscence of the exorcismal formula of the Romish church. Reed cites Beaumont and Fletcher, *Night Walker*, II. 1:—

> "Let's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin,
> And that would daunt the devil."

45. Compare Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (ed. Birkbeck Hill, iii. 307): "Johnson once observed to me, 'Tom Tyers described me the best: "Sir (said he) you are like a ghost: you never speak till you are spoken to."'"

60. Furness asks, "Was this the very armour that he wore thirty years before, on the day Hamlet was born (see V. i. 155-176)? How old was Horatio?" But the armour would be remembered and be pointed out, when worn later.

117. *As stars with trains of fire*:—This passage is sadly and hopelessly corrupt. A preceding line or more has manifestly been lost. The reader will find much fruitless conjecture with regard to it in the Variorum of 1821. Plutarch describes the prodigies preceding and following Cæsar's death—fires in the elements, spirits running up and down in the night, a pale sun, which gave little light or heat. Compare *Julius Cæsar*, I. iii. Such prodigies are very impressively described in Marlowe's *Lucan's First Booke translated*, published in 1600.

123. *And prologue to the omen*:—Here *omen* is used, as Malone remarked, to mean an approaching, dreadful, and portentous event.

127. *I'll cross it, though it blast me*:—Blakeway cites from Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, iii. 48, a story of Ferdinando, Earl of Derby (who died 1594): on Friday a tall man appeared, who twice crossed him swiftly; and when the bewitched Earl came to the place where he saw this man, he first fell sick.

127. *Stay, illusion!*—Here the Quarto of 1604 has the stage direction, "*It spreads his arms*," which perhaps is a misprint for "*He* spreads," etc.; indicating Horatio's action in his attempt to stay the Ghost. *His* might, of course, refer to the Ghost through *it*; but there seems to be no occasion for the Ghost to make such a gesture.

Scene II.

65. It can hardly be doubted that this—Hamlet's first word—is spoken aside. Does it refer to the King or to himself? If to

himself, it may mean a little more than a kinsman (for I am, incestuously, a stepson), and less than kind, for I hate the King. So Malone. Knight says "little of the same *nature*" with Claudius. More probably it refers to the King, meaning: My stepfather (more than cousin), but in less than a natural relation. Compare II. ii. 619: "lecherous, kindless (*i.e.* unnatural) villain." To "go" or "grow out of kind" is found in Baret's *Alvearie* and Cotgrave's *French Dict.*, meaning to degenerate or dishonour kindred. The play upon kin or kindred and kind or kindly is found in Gorboduc, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, and in Rowley's *Search for Money*. "Kind" for "nature" occurs several times in Shakespeare. White asks: "Is it necessary to say that Hamlet means, In marrying my mother you have made yourself something more than my kinsman, and at the same time have shown yourself unworthy of our race, our kind?"

67. *i' the sun*:—Hamlet's delight in ambiguous and double meanings makes it probable that a play is intended on "sun" and "son." He is too much in the sunshine of the court, and too much in the relation of son—son to a dead father, son to an incestuous mother, son to an uncle-father. It was suggested by Johnson that there is an allusion to the proverbial expression (see *Lear*, II. ii. 168): "Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun," which means to be out of house and home; Hamlet is deprived of the throne. Schmidt takes it to mean merely, "I am more idle and careless than I ought to be."

74. "Here observe," says Coleridge, "Hamlet's delicacy to his mother, and how the suppression prepares him for the overflow in the next speech, in which his character is more developed by bringing forward his aversion to externals, and which betrays his habit of brooding over the world within him, coupled with a prodigality of beautiful words, which are the half embodyings of thought, and are more than thought, and have an outness, a reality *sui generis*, and yet retain their correspondence and shadowy affinity to the images and movements within. Note, also, Hamlet's silence to the long speech of the King, which follows, and his respectful, but general, answer to his mother."

113. *Wittenberg*:—The university where men of all ages passed indefinite periods, and sometimes their whole lives. The university was founded in 1502; Luther had made it famous. In *The Tragedy of Hoffman* (1602), the foolish Ierom says, "I am not foole, I have bin to Wittenberg, where wit growes." Shakespeare may have heard of it in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*. and in Nash's

Life of Iacke Wilton, 1594. It must be remembered that for Hamlet Wittenberg was a foreign university, to which he might go at any age, after his earlier education had been completed.

127. *And the king's rouse*:—A deep draught upon a convivial occasion was called a *rouse*; and it appears, from a passage quoted by Steevens from Decker's *Gull's Horn Book,* to have been a Danish term. "Teach me, thou soveraigne skinker, how to take the German's upsy freeze, the Danish rousa, the Switzer's stoop of rhenish," etc. Its signification is preserved in *rouser* and *rousing.*

129. *O, that this too too solid flesh would melt*:—That *too too* was used absolutely for very well, or good, Ray remarked in his *English Words not Generally Used* (London, 1674); and Hunter and Halliwell have brought forward many instances of its unmistakable use as a compound epithet. But here it is, as remarked by Dowden, "an intensive reduplication." Some editors hyphen it. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* II. iv. 205.

140. *Hyperion to a satyr*:—Apollo to his brother Pan. The third, not the second, syllable of *Hyperion* is properly long; but to this pronunciation hardly any of the English poets have conformed.

150. *that wants discourse of reason*:—Discursive reason, reason which draws conclusions, as opposed to intuitive perception. The phrase was common in Shakespeare's day, and before it.

160, 161. Sir Henry Irving, as Hamlet, delivers "I . . . well" as a conventional greeting to unrecognized intruders; Hamlet then looks up and perceives his friend.

167. *Good even, sir*:—It was not what we now call evening. Two or three hundred years ago, any time after midday was called evening.

180. Scott, in *The Bride of Lammermoor,* has made the readers of romance familiar with the old custom of "funeral baked-meats," which was kept up in Scotland till a recent period.

182. *my dearest foe in heaven*:—*Dear* is used of whatever touches us nearly either in love or hate, joy or sorrow. In 1 *Henry IV.* III. ii. 123, we find "near'st and dearest enemy . . ."

198. *In the dead vast and middle of the night*:—Perhaps we should read "the dead *waste.*" But in either case the sense would be the same—the dead void; and *vast* seems to have been used substantively in this sense by Shakespeare, if not by his contemporaries. See "that vast of night," *The Tempest,* I. ii. 327.

218-220. Mark the ingenuity of Shakespeare in so managing

this popular idea as to make the Ghost, which has been so long obstinately silent, and of course must be dismissed by the morning, prepare to speak, and to be interrupted at the very critical time of the crowing of a cock. "Another poet, according to custom, would," as Warton observes, "have suffered his ghost tamely to vanish, without contriving this start, which is like a start of guilt; to say nothing of the aggravation of the future suspense occasioned by this preparation to speak, and to impart some mysterious secret. Less would have been expected if nothing had been promised."

Scene III.

18. "This Scene," says Coleridge, "must be regarded as one of Shakespeare's lyric movements in the play, and the skill with which it is interwoven with the dramatic parts is peculiarly an excellence with our Poet. *You experience the sensation of a pause, without the sense of a stop.* You will observe, in Ophelia's short and general answer to the long speech of Laertes, the natural carelessness of innocence, which cannot think such a code of cautions and prudences necessary to its own preservation."

21. *safety*:—"Sanity," as conjectured by Theobald, may be right. Safety is a trisyllable in Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* v. 4, 46: "Where he himself did rest in safety"; but in line 43 of this Scene it has the usual pronunciation, and so elsewhere in Shakespeare.

59. *character*:—Shakespeare accents the verb either, as here, on the second syllable, or on the first, as in *Sonnets,* cxxii. 2.

81. *season*:—Singer quotes Baret's *Alvearie*: "*To season* . . . to temper wisely, to make more pleasant and acceptable." Schmidt explains it "mature, ripen." Clarendon Press compares *Merchant of Venice,* V. i. 107.

109. *Running*:—Clarendon Press, accepting this reading proposed by Collier, observes its accordance with the figure in the previous line.

109. *fool*:—Does this mean, You will present yourself to me as a fool? or, present me (to the public) as a fool? or, can *fool* mean an innocent, a baby?—for Polonius is not over-delicate in his warnings. See *Romeo and Juliet,* I. iii. 31 and 48.

115. *woodcocks*:—Birds supposed to be witless, easily taken in springes or snares. Clarendon Press quotes from Gosson's

Apologie for the Schoole of Abuse: "Cupid sets up a springe for woodcocks."

117. *Lends the tongue vows*:—So the Quartos. The Folio has, "*Gives* the tongue," etc., the first word of the following line having caught the compositor's eye. Two syllables, probably forming an epithet applied to *blazes,* have doubtless been lost from this line.

119. *as it is a-making*:—The blundering purism of the present day would write here, "as it is *being made,*" according to the monstrous construction which has taken the place of the feeble one of the Augustan age, *e.g.,* "as it is making." But there is no purer or more logically correct English than the idiom a making, a doing, a building, and the like. Ben Jonson (more scholar than poet) says in his Grammar, "Before the participle present *a* and *an* have the force of a gerund. 'But there is some great tempest a brewing against us.'"—Book II. Chap. 3. The idiom is as old as the English language, and is of frequent occurrence in our translation of the Bible.

127. *brokers*:—Middlemen in making bargains; used specially of panders, procurers. Furness quotes Cotgrave: "*Maquinonner,* To play the Broker, also to play the bawd."

135. Upon this Coleridge remarks: "I do not believe that in this or any other of the foregoing speeches of Polonius, Shakespeare meant to bring out the senility or weakness of that personage's mind. In the great ever-recurring dangers and duties of life, where to distinguish the fit objects for the application of the maxims collected by the experience of a long life requires no fineness of tact, as in the admonitions to his son and daughter, Polonius is uniformly made respectable. . . . It is to Hamlet that Polonius is, and is meant to be, contemptible, because in inwardness and uncontrollable activity of movement, Hamlet's mind is the logical contrary to that of Polonius, and besides, Hamlet dislikes the man as false to his true allegiance in the matter of the succession to the crown."

Scene IV.

2. *Eager* was used in the sense of the French *aigre,* sharp, biting.—The unimportant conversation with which this Scene opens is a proof of Shakespeare's minute knowledge of human nature. It is a well-established fact, that on the brink of any

serious enterprise, or event of moment, men almost invariably endeavour to elude the pressure of their own thoughts by turning aside to trivial objects and familiar circumstances. Then, too, by thus entangling the attention of the audience in the nice distinctions and parenthetical sentences of this speech of Hamlet, Shakespeare takes them completely by surprise on the appearance of the Ghost, which comes upon them in all the suddenness of its visionary character, so that the third visitation even surpasses the former two in impressiveness and solemnity of interest.

9. *and the swaggering up-spring reels*:—Reels through the swaggering up-spring. The up-spring was a rude and boisterous German dance, as Steevens showed by the following quotation from Chapman's *Alphonsus*:—

> "We Germans have no changes in our dances,
> An almain and an up-spring, that is all."

12. *triumph of his pledge*:—His glorious achievement as drinker. Howell in his *Letters* tells of the Danish King Christian IV. (1588-1649) beginning thirty-five healths during a feast—"the King was taken away at last in his chair."

19. *Clepe* is *call*; from the Anglo-Saxon *cleopian*. The Danes were indeed proverbial as drunkards, and well they might be, according to the accounts of the time. Heywood, in his *Drunkard Opened*, 1635, describes them as the first on record to bring "their wassel bowls and elbowe deepe healthes" into England.

27. *By the o'ergrowth of some complexion*:—*Complexion*, used now almost exclusively to mean the colour of the skin, had formerly, says White, a sense more strictly correct, and expressed the result of the union of certain physical qualities. "According to the prevalency of humours a diversity of temper or complexion is caused in us."—*Gate of the Latine Tongue Unlocked*, 1656. Hudson says that "*Complexion* was often used, as here, to signify any constitutional *texture*, *aptitude*, or *predisposition*."

47. *canonized*:—The accent, as always in Shakespeare, is on the second syllable.

73. *deprive your sovereignty of reason*:—Warburton, followed by Hanmer, reads *deprave*. For *deprive* see *Rape of Lucrece*, 1186 and 1752. Caldecott explains: "Dispossess the sovereignty of your reason." In the *Historie of Hamblet*, IV., "deprive himself" means lose the right to the throne.

Scene V.

11. *confined to fast in fires*:—The marginal reading of Collier's Folio of 1632, "confined to *lasting* fires," is very specious to the reader who does not consider that the fires of which the Ghost speaks were the fires of purgatory, in which, too, he was confined for the day only, and so were not lasting fires in any sense. *Fast* may be used here in its radical sense of religious observance, and without any allusion to abstinence from food; or there may be a reference to the notion entertained of old, that, in the words of Chaucer's Person, "the misere of helle shall be in defaute of mete and drink."

13. Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into "the punytion of the saulis in purgatory." "It is a nedeful thyng to suffer paines and torment;—sum in the wyndis, sum under the water, and in the fire uther sum: thus the mony vices contrakkit in the corpis *be done away and purgit.*"

33. *That roots itself in ease*:—Thus the Quartos; the Folio, "That *rots* itself," etc. The misprint in either case is of the easiest. That the text of the Quartos gives what the author wrote, seems clear from this passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. iv.:—

> "This common body,
> Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
> Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
> To rot itself with motion."

If in the one case the flag *rots* itself with *motion*, it seems clear that in the other it must *root* itself in *ease*. The opposition of *roots* to *stir* in the next line also supports this reading.

62. *with juice of cursed hebenon*:—It is uncertain whether by *hebenon* Shakespeare meant ebony or henbane. Dr. Grey cited a passage from Pliny in which that naturalist says that the oil of henbane dropped into the ears disturbs the brain. But the sap of ebony was accounted poisonous, and the name of the wood was spelled sometimes *hebon*, sometimes *ebeno*. Steevens cited the following passage from Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*:—

> ". . . the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
> The juice of hebon, and Cocytus breath."

77. *Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled*:—Unhouselled is with-

out having received the consecrated wafer; disappointed, unappointed, unprepared; unaneled, without extreme unction or anointing with consecrated oil.

80. *O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!*—This line is a part of the Ghost's speech in all the old copies; but Dr. Johnson thought, with reason, that it should be spoken by Hamlet, and such was Garrick's practice; so also is it Sir Henry Irving's. After it in the Quarto of 1603 Hamlet exclaims, "O God!" Clarke observes that triple iteration is characteristic of the Ghost's diction.

90. *uneffectual*:—Warburton (approved by Dyce) explains: "shining without heat." Steevens, "lost in the morning light." See *Pericles*, II. iii. 43.

93. *O, fie!*—Capell, Steevens, Mitford, Dyce regard these words as probably an interpolation.

107. *My tables*:—Pocket memorandum-books, and, indeed, any substances prepared for writing, erasure, and re-writing, were called tables. When Zacharias called for a writing-table to write the name of his new-born son, afterwards John the Baptist, he meant not a support for that on which he wrote, but a parchment, or a waxen tablet. . . . Waxen tables were used as late as the Elizabethan period: as to which see the following passage from the *Janua Linguarum*, 1650: "Once they wrote with a reed: *now-a-daies* we write with a quill (whose neb or slit is made [fitted to the writer's hand] with a penknife) either in clean paper (not in blotting, sinking, or cap paper) which is sold by the sheet, quire, ream or in parchment: with a writing *pin* in table books, that it may be cancelled and blotted out *by turning the pin the wrong end downwards*"—"inverso stylo." Chap. 68, § 731. "If you chance upon anie thing, suffer it not to vanish away; but that it slip not from you, note it down out of hand not into waste papers, but into a table book [that may be rased and written on again]." *Idem*, Chap. 69, § 742.

123. *Denmark*:—Seymour suggests that Hamlet at this word breaks off his intended disclosure, pauses, and gives it a jesting turn. Sir Henry Irving adopts this rendering, glancing at Marcellus, as if his presence rendered the confidence unwise.

136. Warburton has ingeniously defended Shakespeare for making the Danish prince swear by *St. Patrick*, by observing that the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

25. *fencing*:—Perhaps named to show how Polonius regards the other supposed outbreaks of his son—as to be classed with addiction to the fencing-school. Fencers, however, had a like legal disrepute with players. In Middleton's *Spanish Gipsy*, II. ii. Sancho comes in "from playing with fencers," having lost cloak, band, and rapier at dice. The ill repute of fencers appears from other passages in Elizabethan drama. In Dekker's *Gul's Horn-Booke* he speaks of the danger to a rich young man of being "set upon" by fencers and cony-catchers (Dekker, ed. Grosart, Vol. ii. p. 213).

65. *windlasses*:—Winding turns. So in Golding's *Ovid*, B. vii.:

> "like a wily fox he runs not forth directly out,
> Nor makes a windlasse over all the champion fields about";

and in *Apollo Shroving*: "See how fortune came with a wind-lace about again."

77. *closet*:—A private chamber, as in III. ii. 338. This is the only entirely sincere meeting of Hamlet with Ophelia in the play; and it is entirely silent—the hopeless farewell of Hamlet. Can her love discover him through his disguise of distraction? He reads nothing in her face but fright; he cannot utter a word, and feels that the estranging sea has flowed between them. In no true sense do they ever meet again.

111. *with better heed and judgement*:—The Folio has "with better *speed*," etc., meaning *success*. This was preferred by Theobald.

119. "This must be made known to the King, for the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the Queen than the uttering or revealing it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet." Johnson, whose explanation this is, attributes the obscurity to the Poet's "*affectation* of concluding the scene with a couplet." There would surely have been more affectation in deviating from the universally established custom.

Scene II.

17. *Whether aught to us unknown*:—This line. absolutely neces-

sary to the sense, is omitted from the Folio. It also omits *but* in Guildenstern's speech below, and *Ay* in the Queen's exclamation as the Ambassadors go out.

116-124. *Doubt*:—In the first two lines and the fourth the word means *be doubtful that*; in the third it means *suspect*. Hamlet's letter begins in the conventional lover's style, which perhaps was what Ophelia would expect from a courtly admirer; then there is a real outbreak of passion and self-pity; finally, in the word "machine," Hamlet indulges, after his manner, his own intellectuality, though it may baffle the reader; the letter is no more simple or homogeneous than the writer. T. Bright, in *A Treatise of Melancholy* (1586), explains the nature of the body as that of a machine, connected with the "soul" by the intermediate "spirit." He compares (p. 66) its action to that of a clock.

160. *he walks four hours together*:—"The obvious reading," says White, "'*for* hours together,' has occurred to many critical readers; and to modern taste this would seem an improvement. But similar phrases, 'two hours,' 'three hours,' and 'four hours together,' are of common occurrence in old books." "Hanmer's emendation *for*," observes Dowden, "is specious. But Elze (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, B. xi.) has shown the use by Elizabethan writers of four, forty, forty thousand to express an indefinite number. Malone cites Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*: 'She will muse four hours together'; and Clarendon Press, Pattenham, *Arte of English Poesie*: 'laughing and gibing . . . foure houres by the clocke.'"

182. *being a god kissing carrion*:—The old copies (except Quarto I, in which the passage is not found) have, "a *good* kissing carrion." The correction, which is almost of the obvious sort, was made by Warburton, who improves the occasion in a small sermon, which the reader will find preserved in the Variorum editions.—This speech of Hamlet's has an intimate connection in thought and in expression with his next; the thought being one which his madness, real or affected, may excuse, but upon which it is not pleasant to dwell, much less to expatiate.—*White*.

269. *beggars bodies*:—The monarch or hero is an outstretched shadow; a shadow is thrown by a body; body is the opposite of shadow; therefore the opposite of monarch, and heroes, namely, beggars, are bodies. Whether at one or two removes—shadow, or shadow's shadow—it is a beggar who produces an ambitious monarch. Hamlet's private meaning may possibly be that his

uncle is a shadow—a mockery king—with a beggar for its substance. He purposely loses himself in his riddles, and, being incapable of reasoning, will to the court, where just thinking is out of place.

276. *dreadfully attended*:—Hamlet speaks like an honest man, but knows his meaning will not be understood; he *is* dreadfully attended, by Memory and Horror, and wronged Love, and the duty of Revenge. Let the courtiers suppose he has a madman's suspicions of dangerous followers.

335. *humorous man*:—"Not the funny man or jester . . . but the actor who personated the fantastic characters . . . for the most part represented as capricious and quarrelsome" (Staunton). "Such characters as Faulconbridge, Jaques, and Mercutio" (Delius). The characters of the stock company suit the present play—King Claudius, who receives such tribute as he deserves from Hamlet; Laertes, the fencer; Hamlet, the lover, who sighs gratis; Polonius, who ends his part as "most secret and most grave"; the Grave-digger; and Ophelia, who speaks her mind in madness somewhat too freely.

346. Referring, no doubt, to the order of the Privy Council, June, 1600. By this order, the players were *inhibited* from acting in or near the city during the season of Lent, besides being very much restricted at all other seasons, and hence "chances it they travel," or *stroll* into the country.

354. *cry out on the top of question*:—Clamour forth the height of controversy, utter shrilly the extreme matter of debate. *Cry out* may be regarded as a verb; to "cry on" is frequent in Shakespeare; "cry out on" may be a combination of the two; *question* is a matter in dispute; the *top of question* is the matter in dispute pushed to extremity. Other explanations have been proposed. Clarendon Press: "Probably, to speak in a high key, dominating conversation." For *question* in this sense, see *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 70. In Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, p. 55 (Sh. Soc. reprint) occurs: "Cry it up in the top of question." Prof. Hales' notes from *Adam Bede*: "Mrs. Poyser keeps at the top o' the talk like a fife."

362. *no longer than they can sing?*—Until their voices break at puberty.

387, 388. *let me comply with you*:—To *comply* here means to observe the forms of courtesy or civility. So in V. ii. 187.

394-396. *I am but mad . . . hawk from a handsaw*:—I am mad only in one point of the compass. T. Bright, in *A Treatise*

of Melancholy (1586), mentions the southeast winds as the most suitable for sufferers from melancholy (Chap. xxxix.). Burton gives other opinions. A southerly wind would, according to Bright, favour Hamlet's sanity. North and northwest, we may infer, would be the most unfavourable. The word *hawk* was and is used for a plasterer's tool, but no example has been found earlier than 1700. *Hack*, however, is an Elizabethan name for a tool for breaking or chopping up, and for agricultural tools of the mattock, hoe, and pick-axe type (*New Eng. Dict.*). *Handsaw* might suggest *hack*, for we find in 1 *Henry IV*, II. iv. 181, 182, "My sword hacked like a handsaw." It is, however, generally assumed that *handsaw* here is a corruption of *heronshaw* or *hernsew*; "no other instances of the phrase (except as quotations from Shakespeare) have been found" (*New Eng. Dict.*). J. C. Heath (Quoted in Clarendon Press) explains: the heron flying down the north wind is ill seen, the spectator looking south towards the sun; flying north, on a south wind, it can be easily distinguished from the hawk. Does Hamlet imagine the two courtiers as hawks loosed to pursue him? Elsewhere he compares them to hunters driving him unto the toils. The south wind is generally represented by Shakespeare as a wind of evil contagion. Does Hamlet mean that he can recognize the King's birds of chase flying on an ill wind?

420. *Jephthah*:—Steevens communicated the *pious chanson* to Percy; a reprint from a black-letter copy will be found in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*. Hamlet quotes from the first stanza. Jephthah sacrificed his daughter; before her death she went into the wilderness to bewail her virginity. So with Ophelia.

436. *the first row of the pious chanson*, etc.:—Hamlet calls the ballad from which he has been quoting, the *pious chanson*—in the Quarto of 1603, "the godly ballet"—on account of the biblical character of its subject. His quotations are all from the first stave; and to the first row, *i.e.*, line or column, he refers his hearers for more, he being cut short in his recital, "for look, where my abridgement comes." It is possible, however, that both here and in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i. 39, *abridgement* means that which shortens time—pastime; though there it is applied to things, here to persons.

444. *by the altitude of a chopine*:—The Italian *ciopinno*, a strange device, which is thus described in Raymond's *Mercurio Italiano*, London, 1647. "The Ladies have found out a devise

very different from all other European Dresses. They weare their owne, or a counterfeit haire below the shoulders, trim'd with gemmes and Flowers, their coats halfe too long for their bodies, being mounted on their *Chippeens,* (which are as high as a man's leg). They walke between two handmaids, majestically deliberating of every step they take. This fashion was invented, and appropriated to the Noble Venetians wives, to be constant to distinguish them from the Courtesans, who goe covered in a vaile of White Taffety."

472. Schlegel observes, that "this speech must not be judged by itself, but in connexion with the place where it is introduced. To distinguish it as dramatic poetry in the play itself, it was necessary that it should rise above the dignified poetry of that in the same proportion that the theatrical elevation does above simple nature. Hence Shakespeare has composed the play in Hamlet altogether in sententious rhymes, full of antithesis. But this solemn and measured tone did not suit a speech in which violent emotion ought to prevail; and the Poet had no other expedient than the one of which he made use, overcharging the pathos."

573. *peasant slave*:—Furness says: "It is shown by Furnivall in *Notes and Queries,* 12th April and 3rd May 1873, that it was possible for Shakespeare to have seen in the flesh some of the bondmen or 'peasant slaves' of England."

578. *In's aspect*:—Here aspect is to be accented on the last syllable.

602. *But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall*:—It was supposed that pigeons and doves owed their gentleness of disposition to the absence of gall.

> "A Milk-white Doue upon her hand shee brought,
> So tame 'twould goe returning at her call,
> About whose Necke was in a Choller wrought
> 'Only like me my Mistress hath no gall.'"
>
> *Drayton's Ninth Eclogue.*

624, 625. That Hamlet was not alone in the suspicion here started, appears from Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici,* 1642: "I believe that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villainy; instilling and stealing into our hearts that the blessed

spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world. But, that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemetries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory in Adam."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

59. *take arms*, etc.:—Accepting the statements of ancient writers about the Kelts (see Glossary, *Take arms against a sea*), it is argued that since those who fought against the flood were themselves beaten, Hamlet's words, *by opposing end them*, must mean by so opposing troubles to end one's own existence.

80. *returns*:—The Ghost has not crossed the bourn or boundary of death, or returned to mortal life; cock-crow and day-dawn startle him away. Perhaps, however, Hamlet at the present time, doubtful as to whether the devil may not have been abusing him (close of Act II.), will not let the apparition enter into his calculations.

88-90. "This," says Johnson, "is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect that he is to personate madness, but makes an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts."

96. *aught*:—For a moment Hamlet has been touched by the sight of Ophelia with her book of prayers. Yet there is estrangement in the word "Nymph." She inquires for his health (having seen him yesterday); he answers as to a stranger; formally, as he does to Osric, V. ii. 82; and with some impatience; he will tell her nothing. She produces his gifts; he has been sent for by the King; Ophelia, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, has doubtless also been sent for; he falls back on his accustomed method of baffling half-truths. These toys were the gift of another Hamlet to another Ophelia—not his.

105. Here it is evident that the penetrating Hamlet perceives, from the strange and forced manner of Ophelia, that the sweet girl was not acting a part of her own, but was a decoy; and his after speeches are not so much directed to her as to the listeners and spies. Observe Hamlet's enumeration of the faults of the sex

from which Ophelia is so free that the mere freedom therefrom constitutes her character.

125. *very proud, revengeful, ambitious*:—Hamlet brings general accusations against manhood and womanhood; but these particular vices are ironically named as those of which he has been suspected or calumniously accused: very proud, he who honours the poor Horatio, and hails the actor as a friend, yet he is suspected of treating Ophelia lightly, as an inferior who may be basely used; revengeful, he who groans under the duty of vengeance, yet who is doubtless suspected of revenge by the King; ambitious, he who would go back to Wittenberg, and could be contented in a nutshell, yet whose disappointed ambition has been a subject for the probing of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

132. *Where's your father?*—Perhaps an arrow shot at a venture; or perhaps he has caught sight of the King and Polonius as they retire. It is to be considered as a possibility that Ophelia may not have been aware of her father's espionage.

140. *calumny*:—Is this promise of dowry half meant for Polonius's ear? His calumnies of Hamlet will come home to roost on his own house.

151. *and make your wantonness your ignorance*:—The Quarto of 1604, "and make your wantonnes *ignorance*." This passage seems to imply that the women affected a pretty, innocent ignorance as a mask for their wantonness. Johnson's explanation is, "You mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by *ignorance*."

155. "Observe," says Coleridge, "this dallying with the inward purpose, characteristic of one who had not brought his mind to the steady acting point. He would fain sting the uncle's mind;—but to stab his body!—The soliloquy of Ophelia, which follows, is the perfection of love,—so exquisitely unselfish!"

168. *Love! his affections do not that way tend*:—Here "affection is used in a sense which it has now almost entirely lost. It has no relation to love or preference, but refers to the manner in which Hamlet's mind is affected, which affection, or affecting, does not, as the King says, tend towards love.

Scene II.

15, 16. *for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod*:—Termagant, the supposed god of the Mohammedans, and Herod, the

slayer of the innocents, were staple characters in our old Miracle Plays. Their chief office was to rave and rant up and down the scaffold, uttering bombast of the most inflated and profane description. In one of the Chester Mysteries, Herod says:—

"For I am kynge of all mankinde
I byd, I beate, I loose, I bynde:
I master the moone: take this in mynde
That I am most of mighte.
I am the greatest above degree
That is, that was, or ever shale be;
The sonne it dare not shine on me,
And [*i.e.*, if] I bid him go down."

In one of the Coventry Mysteries he thus modestly holds forth, in verses which unite alliteration and rhyme:—

"Of bewte and of boldnesse I ber ever more the belle
Of mayn and of might I master every man
I dynge with my dowtiness the devil down to helle
For both of hevyn and of earth I am kynge certayn."

How difficult it would be to out-herod Herod may be judged from the fact that in one of the plays in which Elia's "much abused monarch" appears, the Poet, having exhausted his vocabulary in expressing the Herodian wrath and arrogance, in despair gives the player *carte blanche* for extemporal fume and fustian by the direction, "*Here Herod rages.*"

95. *I must be idle*:—Be foolishly or vacantly employed in a manner befitting his assumed distraction.

129. *your only jig-maker*:—We should now say, "*only your* jig-maker."

253. *I could interpret between you and your love*:—To every puppet-show there was an interpreter. But there seems to be an allusion of another nature.

"A voice arrests my idle ear
Which from a neighb'ring thicket flyes.
Drawn thither by my greedy Eyes
Two loving Rogues within it lay
And thus I heard the Puppets play."
Duffett's Poems, 1676.

279. *Why, let the stricken deer*, etc.:—This stave is probably quoted from some ballad now lost.

292. *A very, very—pajock*:—The old copies, *paiock, paiocke,* and *pajock.* "I have often," remarks Dyce, "heard the lower classes call the peacock the pea*jock*." This stave, except this last word, is probably a quotation.

348, 349. *you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark*:—"I agree with Steevens," says Blackstone, "that the crown of Denmark (as in most of the Gothic kingdoms) was elective, and not hereditary; though it must be customary, in elections, to pay some attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary succession. Why then do the rest of the commentators so often treat Claudius as a *usurper,* who had deprived young Hamlet of his *right* by *heirship* to his father's crown? Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain; one who had carried the election by low and mean practices; had

> "Popp'd in between the election and my hopes—;"

had—

> "From a shelf the precious diadem stole,
> And put it in his pocket;"

but never hints at his being a *usurper.* His discontent arose from his uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right which he pretended to set up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the successor. And therefore young Hamlet had 'the voice of the king himself for his succession in Denmark'; and he at his own death prophesies that 'the election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice,' conceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himself had been king for an instant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When, in the fourth Act, the rabble wished to choose Laertes king, I understand that antiquity was forgot, and custom violated, by electing a new king in the lifetime of the old one, and perhaps also by the calling in a stranger to the royal blood."

Scene III.

59. *the wicked prize itself*:—That which is wickedly acquired.

Scene IV.

52. *and thunders in the index?*—In the commencement of its recital. Indexes or *tablcs* were of old not uncommonly placed in the first part of books.

53. *Look here*:—Restoration actors made Hamlet produce two miniatures; but miniatures could hardly represent Hamlet's father at full-length, as he is described. A print, prefixed to Rowe's ed. of *Hamlet*, 1709, exhibits half-lengths hanging on the wall The actor Holman had a picture of Claudius on the wall, and a miniature of the dead king produced from Hamlet's bosom. Fechter had two miniatures, one worn round Gertrude's neck, the other by Hamlet; he tore the miniature from Gertrude and flung it away; so Rossi, who stamped upon it. Edwin Booth used two miniatures. Sir Henry Irving and Salvini have represented the portraits as seen only by the mind's eye.

82. *Rebellious hell*:—Hanmer, very speciously, "Rebellious *heat*."

90. *such black and grained spots*:—The Quartos "*grecued* [grieved] spots." *Grained* here means darkly stained. See George P. Marsh's *Lectures on the English Language*, for a masterly exposition of the etymology and history of the word *grain*, as applied to color.

102. [*Enter Ghost*] The Quarto of 1603, "*Enter the Ghost in his night gowne.*" Hamlet says afterwards, "My father in his habit as he lived." It is to be observed that the Ghost at this appearance is visible only to Hamlet.

169. *And either* [*curb*] *the devil*:—This is White's reading. The Quarto of 1604 reads, "And *either the* deuill, or throw him out," where there has a word been lost, as both sense and rhyme make manifest. To supply its place Malone suggested *curb*. The Quarto next in date (which, of course, is followed by subsequent editions in that form), has, in hope of mending the lapse, "And *master* the devil"—"a correction," says White, "of no more authority than Malone's, and of not half the worth." Hudson (Harvard ed.) reads *shame*, Dowden and Rolfe, *master*.

175. *their scourge and minister*:—The scourge and minister of heaven.

217. [*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius*] The Folio has, "*tugging in*"; the Quarto of 1603, "*Exit Hamlet with the dead body.*" A like direction is always found in a like situ-

ation in our old dramas. For there being no change of Scene, it was necessary that the "unpleasant bodies" should be removed, in order that the play might go on with decorum.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

26. *Among a mineral*:—Here *mineral* is used to mean a heap of ore, while *ore* itself, in the preceding line, has its radical meaning—gold.

Scene III.

21. *politic worms*:—Such worms as might breed in a politician's corpse. Singer suggests an allusion to the Diet of Worms. W. Hall Griffin adds that "the mention of 'emperor' makes it very probable." White says: "The reader will hardly fail to see the allusion in this passage to that assemblage, so whimsically named to an English ear, the Diet of Worms."

Scene IV.

6. *our duty in his eye*:—Before his face: in his presence. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. ii. 209, 210. "Her gentlewomen, . . . tended her i' the eyes."

53-56. To stir without great argument (matter in dispute) is not rightly to be great, but to find quarrel in a straw when honour 's at the stake is an attribute of true greatness. The *not*, as Furness argues, belongs to the copula, not to the predicate.

Scene V.

[*Enter Queen*, etc.] White distributes the speeches in this Scene according to the Folio. The Quartos bring in "a gentleman" with the Queen and Horatio, and assign to that nameless person the speeches which the Folio gives to Horatio, leaving him only two lines ("'Twere good she were spoken with," etc.) in this whole Scene. The two lines which this arrangement as-

signs to Horatio are the first two lines of the Queen's speech, according to the Folio; and they are, White thinks, much more appropriate as a reflection by which she is led to change her determination with regard to Ophelia than as a direct warning to a queen from a subject. They have hitherto been given either to Horatio or to the Queen as an outspoken speech. Hudson (Harvard ed.) makes this Sc. ii. and has "*Enter the* Queen *and* Horatio." Dowden and Rolfe agree with the present edition.

21. *Oph.*:—The stage direction of Quarto 1 is: "Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing." For the traditional music of Ophelia's songs, see Furness, *Hamlet*, or E. W. Naylor, *Shakespeare and Music*, 1896.

21. "There is," says Sir J. Reynolds, "no part of this play in its representation on the stage more pathetic than this Scene; which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effects. In the latter case the audience supply what is wanting, and with the former they sympathize."

51. The origin of the choosing of Valentines has not been clearly developed. Until the eighteenth century the custom survived in England of regarding the first girl seen by a man on the morning of St. Valentine's day as his "Valentine" or sweetheart. And true-love or lover is the meaning implied here.

84. *In hugger-mugger*:—In confusion, hurry, secrecy, without decorum. This strange word is used in all these senses, and has very various spelling. In Golding's *Ovid*, Fol. 160 (ed. 1587), it occurs in the following couplet:—

"But let Ulysses tell you his [*i.e.*, acts] doone all in hudther mudther
And whereunto the onlie right is privie and none other."

151. *It shall as level to your judgement pierce*:—So the Folio; the Quartos, "to your judgment *peare*"—an absurd reading (says White) which represents day as *appearing level* to the eye, instead of piercing level, *i.e.*, directly, point blank to the eye.

161-163. Nature is delicate (or accomplished) in love, and sends Ophelia's sanity after Polonius as a precious token (or sample) of itself.

172. *O, how the wheel becomes it!*—A peculiar rhythm recurring at the end of each stave of a ballad, and which was sometimes produced by a repetition of the same words, themselves

nearly or quite senseless (as in the "Down a-down," which Ophelia has just sung), was called a wheel or burthen. There is a distinction made between the wheel and the burthen; but it does not seem to have been very closely observed of old.

181. *rue*:—The emblem of sorrow and repentance. See *Richard II.*, III. iv. 105. The name herb-grace or herb of grace is found in the herbals and dictionaries. Given to the Queen. Ophelia wears her rue as the emblem of sorrow and of grace. "With a difference" had a heraldic meaning (slight distinctions in coats of arms borne by members of the same family), but that meaning is not required here. Skeat suggests that the difference is that of "rue" and "ruth" (referring to the passage in *Richard II.*).

181, 182. *we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays*:—This Sunday name of rue appears to have been worn every day and Sunday too. See *Richard II.*, III. iv. 105, "I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace."

Scene VII.

85. *And they can well on horseback*:—They are able or skilled horsemen.

123. *a spendthrift sigh*:—The Quarto of 1604 has, "a spend thrifts sigh," where the *s* is plainly but a careless addition. For in what way could a spendthrift's sigh hurt, more than a miser's, by easing? But as, according to the old saying, every sigh takes away a pound of flesh, or, as the ancients said, costs an ounce of blood, any sigh hurts by easing, and so is spendthrift.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

11, 12. *three branches*:—Shakespeare seems to have read or heard of Plowden's report of Hales *v.* Petit. Sir James Hales had drowned himself; the coroner's jury returned a verdict of *felo de se.* Dame Hales's counsel argued that the act of suicide cannot be completed in a man's lifetime. Walsh, Serjeant, *contra* replied that "the act consists of three parts"—the imagination, the resolution, and the execution.

65. *In youth, when I did love,* etc.:—The three staves sung by the Grave-digger are from a ballad attributed to Lord Vaux, called "The Aged Lover renounceth Love," which will be found in Book II. of Vol. I. of *Percy's Reliques.* The clown's text, however, is most corrupt. For the traditional music—the tune of *The Children in the Wood*—see Furness (from Chappell), p. 385.

170. *thirty years*:—Hamlet's age—thirty—is here fixed in a two-fold way—by the date of the Grave-digger's service and by the number of years since Yorick's death. Gonzago and his wife, who represent the elder Hamlet and Gertrude, have been married thirty years. It is true, however, that passages in earlier scenes—in particular the scene of Laertes parting from Ophelia—lead us to conceive Hamlet as younger. He is a student of Wittenberg; but it is a foreign university. Prof. Hales has quoted a passage from Nash, *Pierce Penniless's Supplication,* on the late age at which the Danes commenced education: "You shall see a great boy . . . weeping under the rod when he is thirty years old." In the Quarto of 1603 Hamlet's age is not fixed, and he seems younger throughout. Perhaps in recasting the play Shakespeare felt that Hamlet's weight of thought implied an age beyond that of very early manhood, and failed to harmonize the earlier and later presentations of his hero. His Troilus is under twenty-three; Florizel looks about twenty-one; Cymbeline's sons are twenty-three and twenty-two; Hamlet is surely older than these youths. The heyday of Gertrude's blood is tame; she may be forty-five or forty-six: yet, like Gonzago's wife, who is of that age, she may have the power to charm. However we account for the inconsistency, we must accept dates so carefully determined.

288. *eisel*:—Criticism has not advanced much beyond Theobald's suggestions of 1733, that the Quarto of 1604 *Esill* and the Folio *Esile* mean either eisel, vinegar, or some river; and of the names of rivers none is more plausible than Theobald's "*Yssel,* in the German Flanders." Parallels for the hyperbole of drinking a river can be pointed out in several Elizabethan writers, in Greene's *Orlando Furioso,* in *Eastward Hoe,* and elsewhere. The proposal Nilus has only the crocodile to favour it. An English *Esill* has not been found, though there is an Iseldun (according to Sharon Turner, the Down of the Yssel). On the other hand, it has been shown that "drink up" does not necessarily mean exhaust; it may mean drink eagerly, quaff. In *Sonnets,* cxi., Shakespeare names "potions of eisel" as a bitter and disagreeable remedy for "strong infection." The word was used (see *New Eng. Dict.*) for

the vinegar rejected by Christ upon the cross. The chief objection to eisel, vinegar, seems to be, as Theobald puts it, that "the proposition was not very grand." This objection would be met if we could find any special propriety in the proposition. Now vinegar, even in small quantities, as we learn from William Vaughan's *Directions for Health* (ed. 7, 1633, p. 47, first published about 1607), while it allays heat and choler, "hurteth them that be sorrowfull." There may be irony in Hamlet's choice.

288. *eat a crocodile?*—Hamlet's challenge to revolting feats—half-passionate, half-ironical—receives more point if we remember that in current natural history the crocodile was a monster of the serpent tribe. See Topsell's *Historie of Serpents.* T. Bright regards the crocodile's bite as poisonous, like an asp's.

299. *her golden couplets are disclosed*:—Her two eggs are hatched. So in III. i. 172 of this play, "And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose," etc.

Scene II.

12. *Up from my cabin*:—All from *Rashly* in Hamlet's previous speech to these words is parenthetical.

17. *to unseal*:—The Quartos, "to *unfold,*" the terminal syllable being probably caught from the line above. Here Shakespeare would have avoided a rhyme; and from Hamlet's fourth speech below it is plain that he broke a seal.

148, 149. *against the which he has imponed*:—This is Osric's affected pronunciation of impawned. See Hamlet's second speech below. White contracts, *impon'd,* and declares that by the uncontracted spelling usually given, *imponed,* the point is lost.

155. *I knew you must be edified by the margent*:—Receive an explanation like that furnished by a marginal note.

167, 168. *twelve for nine*:—The word *passes* seems to mean *passes which count,* the same as hits; the encounter is to continue until one party has made a dozen hits. The King wagers that Laertes—famous as a fencer, and therefore able to afford his rival odds—will not have made his twelve hits until Hamlet's hits are nine; if Hamlet falls short of nine, Laertes wins. Other explanations will be found in Furness.

187. *He did comply with his dug*:—He exchanged compliments. See in this play, II. ii. 387, 388, "let me comply with you." Some doubt has been thrown upon this definition of *comply*; but its

correctness in this particular case would seem to be settled by the following passage in the Preface to *Ulpian Fullwell's Arte of Flatterie,* 1579, of which, indeed, Hamlet's speech is not improbably a reminiscence: "Flatterie hath taken such habit in man's affections, that it is in most men *altera natura*; yea the very sucking babes hath a kind of adulation towards their nurses for the dugge."

193. *fond and winnowed opinions*:—Warburton's emendation *fann'd* is apt, and has found many supporters. Fleay proposes *fond unwinnowed.* Moberly explains: "frothy expressions suited to express the absurdest and most over-refined notions"; Clarendon Press: "The metaphor is a mixed one . . . Osric, and others like him, are compared to the chaff which mounts higher than the sifted wheat, and to the bubbles which rise to the surface through the deeper water." The metaphor in "winnowed" seems to be incidental and latent; the meaning is "Their frothy acquisitions carry them successfully through the slight judgements of the most exquisite arbiters *elegantiarum.*" If we read *fanned,* the same remains the meaning.

290. This speaking of Hamlet as *fat and scant of breath* is greatly at odds with the idea we are apt to form of him. It seems likely enough to have been true that the expression was used with special reference to Burbage, the original actor of Hamlet's part. Burbage died in 1619; and in a manuscript elegy upon his death are the following lines, which both ascertain his original performance of the part, and also render it probable that the words in question had reference to him:—

> "No more young Hamlet, though but *scant of breath,*
> Shall cry 'Revenge!' for his dear father's death."

367. *This quarry cries on havoc*:—This heap of dead proclaims an indiscriminate slaughter.

395. *whose voice will draw on more*:—More voices; alluding to Hamlet's declaration, just above, that Fortinbras has his dying voice for the succession.

Questions on Hamlet.

1. Give some account of the early editions; of the First Quarto; of the Lost *Hamlet*; of the German *Hamlet*; date of composition of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*; source of the story; scene of the drama.

ACT FIRST.

2. What effect on the mind is produced by the opening Scene? How does it prepare us for the rest of the play?

3. What pervading temper in the play is indicated by Francisco's words, *sick at heart*, almost at the very beginning?

4. By whom and in what line is the appearance of the Ghost first spoken of?

5. Describe the effect of the apparition upon Horatio. What does he think of it? What do you think of Horatio's nature as revealed in the first Scene?

6. How do Horatio and Bernardo connect the appearance of the Ghost with the state of affairs then existing in Norway?

7. What beliefs concerning ghosts were current in northern Europe at the period here dealt with? In England in the time of Elizabeth? Are any of these notions uttered by Marcellus and Horatio?

8. Tell what the King says about his brother's death. What does he say of his marriage to his brother's widow? How does he speak of *young Fortinbras*?

9. What is the King's *greeting to old Norway*?

10. What does Laertes request of the King? How does the King answer?

11. Interpret Hamlet's aside describing the King. What does he mean by *kind*?

12. Give the substance of Hamlet's conversation with the King and Queen immediately following the aside.

13. Comment on Hamlet's self-revelation in the succeeding soliloquy. Account for the *ennui* and dejection here shown by him.

14. What dramatic purpose is served by the conversation and soliloquy just mentioned?

15. What leads Hamlet to determine that he will watch for the Ghost? What does he mean by *your loves*?

16. How does Laertes, at the opening of Sc. iii., speak to Ophelia about Hamlet? What feeling towards Hamlet does Laertes betray? What is the cause of this feeling?

17. Summarize the conversation in Sc. iii. between Polonius and Ophelia concerning Hamlet.

18. What is signified by the reappearance of the Ghost?

19. Account for the evasiveness of Hamlet in talking of the Ghost with Horatio and Marcellus. How does Hamlet behave after the Ghost is gone? Explain this.

20. What is meant (Sc. iv. 47) by *canonized bones*?

21. What does Hamlet mean by his words, at the end of the first Act, *The time is out of joint*, etc.? What do these words reveal in Hamlet's nature?

22. Briefly sum up what has been done by the Poet in Act I.

ACT SECOND.

23. What is your explanation of Hamlet's behavior with Ophelia as related by her to Polonius? Has it any connection with his putting *an antic disposition on*?

24. How do you explain Hamlet's dislike for Polonius?

25. Why is Polonius so ready to believe that he has discovered the cause of Hamlet's madness?

26. What is Ophelia's idea of Hamlet's mental state? What does the Queen regard as causing his distemper?

27. Give your own opinion of Hamlet's lunacy. Are there well-supported views differing from yours? If so, state some of them and answer them.

28. With what commission (Sc. ii.) do the King and Queen charge Rosencrantz and Guildenstern? What had been the previous relations between these two and Hamlet?

29. How does Polonius describe Hamlet's behavior and condition to the King and Queen?

30. How far do you think Polonius understood the *method* which he detected in Hamlet's madness? What part of Hamlet's language in his conversation with Polonius is due to his dis-

temper, and how much consists of ironical turns to Polonius's own words?

31. Does Hamlet suspect Rosencrantz and Guildenstern on their first visit to him, or does suspicion gradually grow upon him?

32. Is there any sarcasm in Hamlet's words, *Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason*?

33. Has anything like a settled resolution as to the vengeance he is to inflict yet taken possession of Hamlet?

34. Of what does Rosencrantz inform Hamlet concerning the players? What conversation about the players follows?

35. Give some account of Hamlet's description of a play. Does it show his idea of what a good play should be?

36. Is the speech of the players which Hamlet cites really *Æneas' tale to Dido*?

37. What comparison of himself with the player does Hamlet make? As a result of this comparison, how does he describe himself?

38. Do the words, *or ere this I should have fatted all the region kites with this slave's offal,* indicate that Hamlet has ever seriously meditated the killing of the King?

39. What self-revelation does Hamlet make in the soliloquy which ends the second Act? Compare this soliloquy with Hamlet's words, already cited, *The time is out of joint,* etc.

40. What do you say of Hamlet's display of determination in the closing words of the second Act?

ACT THIRD.

41. Do Rosencrantz and Guildenstern give the King and Queen a true report of their mission to Hamlet?

42. Is there humour or sarcasm in Polonius's remark on hypocrisy? What does the King utter in the nature of a confession?

43. Is this a crucial moment in the play? Does it foreshadow any subsequent episode?

44. What additional light does the soliloquy in Sc. i. throw upon Hamlet's character? Shall we take it to convey his settled philosophy of life? What do you think of his balanced arguments on suicide?

45. When did Ophelia last see Hamlet? Why does he ask, *Where's your father?*

46. Does Hamlet at this interview assume madness, or does he merely puzzle Ophelia with double meanings?

47. What may be inferred from this Act regarding the stage in Shakespeare's day? Are the faults of actors here referred to such as would have been likely to come under the notice of a Prince of Denmark in Hamlet's time?

48. What is Hamlet's view of Horatio's character (Sc. ii. 61 *et seq.*)? What dramatic purpose does this speech serve?

49. How does Hamlet's manner change after the entrance of the King, Queen, and others to see the play?

50. Why does the King break up the play? Is Hamlet's the only explanation possible?

51. Compare the second scene between Hamlet and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with the first. What differences of temper does Hamlet display, and why?

52. Does the King suggest to Polonius that he go eavesdropping in the Queen's closet?

53. How much time has elapsed between the play scene and the King's soliloquy of confession? Has the confession anywhere been foreshadowed?

54. What several motives for his crime does the King reveal? Does he here inspire pity at all?

55. Does Hamlet delay killing the King from any other motive than desire for more adequate revenge? Does postponement make the revenge more complete?

56. Whom does Hamlet suppose to be behind the arras? Whom does he kill there?

57. Could the Poet have made any further use of Polonius in the play, or was his work finished? What has been Polonius's particular agency in the drama?

58. Does Hamlet accuse his mother of complicity in his father's murder?

59. How do you understand Hamlet's use of the pictures for purposes of comparison? If before unaware of the King's crime, is the Queen acquainted with it by Hamlet's words or does she regard them as a sign of his madness?

60. What reason does the Ghost give for its second visitation? Is this the true reason? If so, explain it.

61. Can the King longer be in doubt as to real or feigned madness in Hamlet?

ACT FOURTH.

62. How does the Queen describe to the King Hamlet's condition and the killing of Polonius?

63. What does the King say of the regard in which Hamlet is held by the *distracted multitude*? How does Hamlet's popularity complicate the King's problem?

64. What is the King's real purpose in sending Hamlet to England?

65. Is Sc. iv. extraneous to the plot? What does it furnish by contrast? Cite instances from other plays.

66. To what does Hamlet dedicate himself at the end of this scene? Do you agree with Mr. Swinburne that this soliloquy surpasses the famous *To be, or not to be,* on both philosophic and poetical grounds?

67. Is Sc. v. the first in which we see Horatio alone in presence of the opposite faction? Has no suspicion fallen on him through his intimacy with Hamlet?

68. In view of her former kindness to Ophelia, why does the Queen now refuse to see her? What has changed the Queen's mind?

69. What foreshadowing is there of the revolt of the rabble in favor of Laertes?

70. For what dramatic purpose is Ophelia brought back to the stage at this point? How does the interruption help the King with Laertes? What causes Ophelia's insanity?

71. What psychological explanation can you give of Ophelia's incongruous scraps of song? Does this singing resemble anything in *Othello* shortly before the death of Desdemona?

72. What misadventure brings Hamlet back from England?

73. What influence does the King use with Laertes in respect to taking revenge on Hamlet? What is the King's suggestion about the foils?

74. In the "Critical Comments" Tennyson is quoted as saying, "The Queen did not think that Ophelia committed suicide, neither do I." What do you think about it? Is there anything in the play that seems to support the suicide theory?

ACT FIFTH.

75. What is the dramatic purpose of the Grave-diggers' dialogue? How does mirthful contrast heighten tragic effect? How is the strain of tragedy relieved by comedy?

76. What other instances in Shakespeare can you compare with this? Compared with the Porter's speech in *Macbeth,* does this scene offend sensibility?

77. What is meant here and everywhere in Shakespeare by *politician*?

78. How old was Hamlet, according to the statements of the Grave-digger? Is there anything in other parts of the play which indicates that Hamlet had not yet reached such an age?

79. Who was Yorick? How does Hamlet's speech about him strike you? What is the quality of its irony? What is its purpose?

80. Are the remarks of Hamlet on the immortality of Alexander and Cæsar humorous?

81. What does Hamlet mean by *maimed rites*? Interpret the spirit and purport of the priest's remarks upon Ophelia's obsequies.

82. What leads Hamlet to speak and act as he does at the grave—love for Ophelia or resentment against Laertes? Do you think Hamlet really did love Ophelia? If so, how do you explain his conduct towards her?

83. What has intervened to turn the course of affairs, as described by Hamlet to Horatio? How does Hamlet discover the purpose of the King in sending him to England?

84. Does Hamlet show any twinge of conscience for sending Guildenstern and Rosencrantz to their doom?

85. What circumstance makes it imperative that Hamlet lay aside his dilatory policy and act? Does he deserve the credit of initiative in performing what he feels to be his bounden duty?

86. What is the import of Horatio's words to Hamlet after the Lord's exit? What is Hamlet's reply? Does the conversation on both sides foreshadow Hamlet's death in the coming encounter?

87. What significance has the exchange of courtesies just before the catastrophe? Describe the duel.

88. The Queen's death—does poetic justice demand it? What blame does Laertes lay upon the King?

89. Why does not the drama end with the death of Hamlet?

Why does Fortinbras appear? Whom does Hamlet name for successor to the throne?

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90. As an intellectual drama, compare *Hamlet* with *Othello, Macbeth,* and other tragedies of Shakespeare. As an acting play, how does *Hamlet* compare with the two just mentioned?

91. What do you say of the element of mystery in this drama? If Hamlet feigned madness, did he deceive everybody? How could feigning insanity further Hamlet's designs of vengeance?

92. What sort of education does Hamlet appear to have had? Viewed generally, were his mind and temperament those of a fatalist?

93. What portions or passages of the play give you the best key to the character of Hamlet? In its largest aspect, what was the problem he had to solve, and what its most practical solution?

94. How do you explain Hamlet's inadequacy for his task? What was the measure of his success? What do his failures suggest of human limitations in general?

95. Give some impressions of Hamlet's intellectual character; of his wit; of his moral nature; of his seriousness of purpose; of his power of will. What is his predominant trait? Account for his vacillation.

96. Does Hamlet's turn for philosophizing incapacitate him for action? What is needed to join rightly in a man the faculty of contemplation and the power to will and perform?

97. How is this play to be regarded in the light of modern science? Does it teach definite lessons concerning the relations of man and circumstance? Does it contribute any helpful element to modern psychological speculation or experiment?

98. Is anything wanting to make this a typically complete tragedy, ranking with the greatest works of ancient dramatists? Goethe tells us that "the work is tragic in its highest sense." Analyze this statement. Cite instances to prove or disprove Goethe's dictum that "the hero has no plan, but the piece is full of plan."

99. Does any other play of Shakespeare's rank with *Hamlet*? Does any drama of the world surpass it in greatness of conception? What other drama has been so much written about and critically discussed?

100. What would you offer as the chief reason for the universal interest in *Hamlet*? How sum up the elements which give the play its rank in the dramatic and the literary world?

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Comedy of Errors* first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it immediately follows *Measure for Measure.* "The names of all the actors" are not given at the end of the play as in the case of the previous plays; in the stage-directions to the first two Acts the two *Antipholi* are distinguished as *Antipholus Erotes* and *Antipholus Sereptus;* the latter title was probably derived from the *Menæchmus Surreptus* of Plautus a character evidently well-known to the Elizabethans (*cp.* Cambridge Shakespeare, Note 1); as regards the former name, it is noteworthy that *Erotion* (also *Errotis* in Act II.) is the name of "the Courtezan" in Plautus' *Menæchmi*; to this source the name may perhaps be referred; otherwise it must be regarded as an error for *Erraticus* or *Errans.*

The Comedy of Errors is the shortest of all Shakespeare's plays; its total number of lines is 1770.

Date of Composition. *The Comedy of Errors* is mentioned in 1598 by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* among the six "excellent" comedies of Shakespeare. In the *Gesta Grayorum* of 1594 occurs what is probably the earliest reference to the play:—

"After such sport, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was *played by the players*; so that *night* began and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." There are other references to comedies of "Errors" (a "Historie of Error" was acted by

the St. Paul's children at Greenwich as early as New Year 1576-7), but they merely indicate that the phrase was proverbial. Certain critics detect in these pre-Shakespearian plays the original of Shakespeare's Comedy.

One or two points of *internal evidence* are helpful in fixing the approximate time of composition. In Act III. ii. 125 there is evidently an allusion to the civil war in France between Henry III. and Henry of Navarre, which lasted from August, 1589, to July, 1593. Further, the reference to "whole armadoes of caracks" in the same Scene suggests the earlier rather than the later limit: the play may safely be dated 1589-91.* This early date is corroborated by the general style of the play:—its lyrical passages with rhyming couplets and alternate rhymes; the doggerel verse; the abundance of quibbles and word-play; "the prologue-like" speech of Ægeon in the opening scene; lines suggestive of other early plays (*e. g.* Act II. ii. 200, reminds us of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; *cp.* Act IV. i. 93, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i. 219, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 72).

Sources of the Plot. The main plot of *The Comedy of Errors* is directly or indirectly derived from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus,—"a farce of mistaken identity," which very early in the history of the modern drama became a favourite theme with dramatists: pre-Shakespearian paraphrases and adaptations exist in French, German, and Italian; the interlude of "*Jack Juggler*" (1563) is probably its earliest representative in English literature. The oldest extant English translation appeared in the year 1595, with the following title:—*Menæcmi, a pleasant and fine conceited Comœdie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus. Chosen purposely from out the rest as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written in Eng-*

* *Cp. An attempt to determine Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays;* H. P. Stokes, pp. 16-20.

lish, by W. W. (i.e. "*William Warner*"). . . . 1595. The translation is in prose; an argument in verse precedes:—

> "Two Twin-born sons, a Sicill merchant had,
> Menechmus one, and Soseles the other:
> The first his Father lost, a little lad,
> The Grandsire named the latter like his brother.
> This (grown a man) long travel took to seek
> His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
> Where th' other dwelt inriched, and him so like,
> That Citizens there take him for the same:
> Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
> *Much pleasant error,* ere they meet togither."

These lines may serve to indicate the leading points of difference between the simple Latin farce and the complex *Comedy of Errors.* (The translation is to be found in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* Part II. vol. i.).

It is impossible to determine whether Shakespeare owes anything to Warner's translation, which may have existed in manuscript long before the date of its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company (1594). It is perhaps noteworthy that Adriana in the *Comedy* and the wife of Menechus the Citizen in the English translation both use the same word with reference to their supposed ignoble treatment:—

Senex. What is the matter?
Mulier. He makes me a stale and a laughing-stock to all the world.

cp. Comedy of Errors, Act II. i. 100:—

Adriana. *He breaks the pale,*
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

A few minor points of this description (*e.g.* the use of "error'" in the last line of the Argument) have led some scholars to the conclusion that Shakespeare had read Warner's version of the play. But may not the translator owe this small debt to the dramatist?

Act III. Scene i. seems to have been derived from the

Amphitruo of Platus; in the Latin comedy Mercury keeps the real Amphitruo out of his own house, while Jupiter, the sham Amphitruo, is within with Alcemna, the real Amphitruo's wife.

The introduction of the twin Dromios is Shakespeare's own device; and all the pathos of the play is his: there is nothing in the Latin original suggestive of Ægeon's touching story at the opening of the play,—in Platus, the father of the twins is already dead, and there is no reunion of husband, wife, and children.

The Unities. In spite, however, of this romanticising of Plautus, Shakespeare has maintained throughout the play the hallowed unities of time and place, "the necessary companions," according to Academic criticism, "of all corporal actions." From this point of view *The Comedy of Errors* may be regarded as the final triumph of the New Romantic Drama over its opponents; it carried the warfare into the enemy's camp, and scored the signal victory of harmonising Old and New,—the conventional canons of Latin Comedy and the pathos of Romanticism.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse, is condemned to death, in default of ransom, by the Duke of Ephesus for bringing traffic into the Ephesian port. Being requested by the Duke to give the cause of his visit to a hostile city, the prisoner states that he is on a quest for missing members of his family. Some years before, twin sons had been born to him and his wife Æmilia. At "that very hour and in the selfsame inn" a poorer woman was also delivered of twin sons, which Ægeon had "bought and brought up to attend" his boys. Shortly afterward the party had suffered shipwreck on a voyage to their Syracusian home. All had been rescued, but the husband was parted from the wife; and the twin sons and attendants were separated from their respective counterparts. Ægeon, with his younger son and servant, had been conveyed to Syracuse, where for eighteen years they dwelt without tidings of the other three. Finally Antipholus, his son, now well grown, had set forth in search of them, while Ægeon renewed his own quest. During seven years father and son had heard nothing of each other nor of the rest. All this Ægeon tells the Duke in explanation of his wanderings. Touched by the narrative, the Duke gives him further respite of a day in which to seek ransom.

Unknown to his father, Antipholus of Syracuse and his servant Dromio are even then visiting in Ephesus. Furthermore it so chances that his brother, whom he has

not found and who is known as Antipholus of Ephesus, resides there in high favor with the Duke, and wedded to Adriana, a woman of rank. Dromio of Ephesus mistakes Antipholus of Syracuse for his master and delivers a message from Adriana to the effect that dinner is awaiting him.

II. The servant having fled home beaten for his pains, Adriana herself arrives and persuades the bewildered Antipholus of Syracuse to come to dinner with her; for she also is deceived as to his identity. Dromio of Syracuse is put on guard at the gate with instructions to deny admittance to visitors during the repast.

III. The real husband presently arrives at his door and is greatly astonished and incensed to find it barred against him; but is persuaded to retire to a public house and bide his time. Meanwhile the false husband stoutly maintains that there is a mistake, and makes fair speeches to Luciana, sister of Adriana, rather than to Adriana herself. The two Dromios are suffering most of all from the comedy of errors, being continually confused, sent on the wrong errands and getting beatings for their pains.

IV. The muddle of identities grows constantly more perplexing for both masters and servants. Tradesmen confuse the two Antipholuses. A gold chain made for the Ephesian is bestowed upon the Syracusian, and the Ephesian is arrested for refusing to pay the debt. The Syracusian and his servant believe themselves bewitched and prepare for speedy departure.

V. They are forced to take refuge in a priory from the misguided merchants and Adriana. The abbess protects them. At this juncture the Duke arrives in company with officers conducting Ægeon to his execution. Adriana demands from the Duke custody of her husband, whom she believes to be demented and now sequestered in the priory. Charge and counter-charge are made by conflicting witnesses until the joint appearance of both the Antipholuses and both the Dromios unravels the snarl. Antipholus of Ephesus is reconciled with his

wife. Antipholus of Syracuse renews his suit with her sister Luciana. The old Ægeon is pardoned, and to the pleasure of greeting both his sons is added the delight of finding in the person of the abbess his long-lost wife Æmilia; while the two Dromios in the joy of meeting forget their woes and blows.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Two Antipholuses.

Sedate, gentle, loving, the Antipholus of Syracuse is one of Shakspere's amiable creations. He beats his slave according to the custom of slave-beating; but he laughs with him and is kind to him almost at the same moment. He is an enthusiast, for he falls in love with Luciana in the midst of his perplexities, and his lips utter some of the most exquisite poetry:—

> "O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
> To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
> Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
> Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs."

But he is accustomed to habits of self-command, and he resolves to tear himself away even from the syren:—

> "But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
> I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song."

As his perplexities increase, he ceases to be angry with his slave:—

> "The fellow is distract and so am I;
> And here we wander in illusions:
> Some blessed power deliver us from hence."

Unlike the Menæchmus Sosicles of Plautus, he refuses to dine with the courtesan. He is firm yet courageous when assaulted by the Merchant. When the errors are

clearing up, he modestly adverts to his love for Luciana; and we feel that he will be happy.

Antipholus of Ephesus is decidedly inferior to his brother, in the quality of his intellect and the tone of his morals. He is scarcely justified in calling his wife "shrewish." Her fault is a too sensitive affection for him. Her feelings are most beautifully described in that address to her supposed husband:—

> "Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
> Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
> Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
> Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
> If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
> Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss."

The classical image of the elm and the vine would have been sufficient to express the feelings of a fond and confiding woman; the exquisite addition of the

> "Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,"

conveys the prevailing uneasiness of a loving and doubting wife. Antipholus of Ephesus has somewhat hard measure dealt to him throughout the progress of the errors; but he deserves it. His doors are shut against him, it is true; in his impatience he would force his way into his house, against the remonstrances of the good Balthazar:—

> "Your long experience of her wisdom,
> Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
> Plead on her part some cause to you unknown."

He departs, but not "in patience"; he is content to dine from home, but not at "the Tiger." His resolve—

> "That chain will I bestow
> (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
> Upon mine hostess"—

would not have been made by his brother, in a similar

situation. He has spited his wife; he has dined with the courtesan. But he is not satisfied:—

> "Go thou
> And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
> Among my wife and her confederates."

We pity him not when he is arrested, nor when he receives the "rope's end" instead of his "ducats." His furious passion with his wife, and the foul names he bestows on her, are quite in character; and when he has

> "Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,"

we cannot have a suspicion that the doctor was practising on the right patient. In a word, we cannot doubt that, although the Antipholus of Ephesus may be a brave soldier, who took "deep scars" to save his prince's life, and that he really has a right to consider himself much injured, he is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse; that he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly loving; that he has no habits of self-command; that his temperament is sensual; and that, although the riddle of his perplexity is solved, he will still find causes of unhappiness, and entertain

> "a huge infectious troop
> Of pale distemperatures."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

III.

The Two Dromios.

The characters of the two Dromios are not so distinctly marked in their points of difference, at the first aspect. They each have their "merry jests"; they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper; they each cling faithfully to their master's interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth.

The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion, and approaching a pun with a sly solemnity that is prodigiously diverting:—

> "The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
> The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
> My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
> She is so hot, because the meat is cold."

Again:—

> "I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
> Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
> But not a thousand marks between you both."

He is a formal humourist, and, we have no doubt, spoke with a drawling and monotonous accent, fit for his part in such a dialogue as this:—

Antipholus of E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
Dromio of E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
Antipholus of E. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dromio of E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.
Antipholus of E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dromio of E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

On the contrary, the "merry jests" of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. He is a creature of prodigious animal spirits, running over with fun and queer similitudes. He makes not the slightest attempt at arranging a joke, but utters what comes uppermost with irrepressible volubility. He is an untutored wit; and, we have no doubt, gave his tongue as active exercise by hurried pronunciation and variable emphasis as could alone make his long descriptions endurable by his sensitive master. Look at the dialogue in the second scene of Act II., where Antipholus, after having repressed his jests, is drawn into a tilting-match of words with him, in which the merry slave has clearly the victory. Look, again, at his description of the "kitchen-wench"—coarse, indeed, in parts, but altogether

irresistibly droll. The twin brother was quite incapable of such a flood of fun. Again, what a prodigality of wit is displayed in his description of the bailiff! His epithets are inexhaustible. Each of the Dromios is admirable in his way; but we think that he of Syracuse is as superior to the twin-slave of Ephesus as our old friend Launce is to Speed, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* These distinctions between the Antipholuses and Dromios have not, as far as we know, been before pointed out; but they certainly do exist, and appear to us to be defined by the great master of character with singular force as well as delicacy. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

"Go hand in hand, not one before another."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

IV.

Adriana.

Adriana, like the wife of Menæchmus, brought a wealthy dowry to her husband, and with it the complementary temper of excessive requirements—

"My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours."

At her first appearance she is fretful and peevish at his want of punctuality, and suspicious of the cause, which, in truth, as presently appears, was nothing more than a service and attention intended for herself—"to see the making of a carcanet," designed as a present for her. Her husband, on the other hand, enraged at being so inexplicably shut out of his own house, disregards the sober counsel of Balthazar, and is as little practised as his wife to assume a reason and wait for an explanation, and hastily revenges himself by making a bachelor's party at the house of the courtesan; and though the extrava-

gance is evidently as harmless as such an imprudence might be; for,—

> "I know a wench of excellent discourse,
> Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle,"

are not the words of a sensualist, and there is no trace whatever of want of affection on his part, and we give full belief to his protestation, he still puts himself by the imprudence, no less in the wrong than his wife by her fretfulness, and we are left at liberty to enjoy the fun that arises out of their troubles and disasters. Still Adriana, with all her shrewishness, is very affectionate—nay, very amiable, and she gives an earnest of her future improvement in considerateness, by abstaining from public outbreak against her husband's hostess. Her coolness in this respect requires perhaps more explanation than it receives, but that it is accepted by us as at once proof and admission that she had no serious ground for complaint, and was conscious how far she had herself to blame.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The wife herself and her sister are studied with a care and minuteness which the action certainly did not require. In the change from Plautus' 'Mulier,' who rails at her husband with only too good reason, to Shakespeare's Adriana, who torments him with doubts at bed and board, and is ready to die in despair at the loss of his love because he refuses to come home to dinner, we see the change from pragmatical to psychological drama, from the comedy of intrigue to the comedy of character, of which otherwise there is not in this play very much.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

V.

Aegeon.

This drama of Shakespeare's is much more varied, rich, and interesting in its incidents than the *Menæchmi*

of Plautus; and while, in rigid adherence to the unities of action, time, and place, our Poet rivals the Roman play, he has contrived to insinuate the necessary previous information for the spectator, in a manner infinitely more pleasing and artful than that adopted by the Latin bard; for whilst Plautus has chosen to convey it through the medium of a prologue, Shakespeare has rendered it at once natural and pathetic by placing it in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin-brothers.

In a play, of which the plot is so intricate, occupied in a great measure by mere personal mistakes and their whimsical results, no elaborate development of character can be expected; yet is the portrait of Ægeon touched with a discriminative hand, and the pressure of age and misfortune is so painted as to throw a solemn, dignified, and impressive tone of colouring over this part of the fable, contrasting well with the lighter scenes which immediately follow—a mode of relief which is again resorted to at the close of the drama, where the reunion of Ægeon and Æmilia, and the recognition of their children, produce an interest in the dénouement of a nature more affecting than the tone of the preceding scenes had taught us to expect.

DRAKE: *Shakespeare and his Times.*

The story of Ægeon . . . envelops the whole comic plot. It is probably Shakespeare's invention, and betrays the same instinct for accumulated effects and drastic contrasts. He had quadrupled the intricacies of the imbroglio by doubling the two lost Antipholuses with a second pair of twins; he quadruples the excitement of the final recovery by doubling them with a pair of lost parents, who at the same time recover their children and each other. And the foreboding of tragic harms which habitually overhangs for a while the early comedies, is here graver and more protracted than either in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* or *The Two Gentlemen.* Valentine's banishment and Hermia's destination to a nunnery

or death arouse no serious suspense; but Ægeon is a pathetic and moving figure, whose story—a masterpiece of Shakespeare's early narrative—strikes a note at the outset with which the subsequent action is in somewhat too marked dissonance for ripe art.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VI.

Pinch.

Pinch the conjurer is also an excrescence not to be found in Plautus. He is indeed a very formidable anachronism:—

> "They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
> A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
> A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
> A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
> A living-dead man."

This is exactly like some of the Puritanical portraits to be met with in Hogarth.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Pinch (whom we cannot afford to part with for the sake of avoiding the anachronism pointed out by Hazlitt —who, by the way, was himself too good a judge of excellence seriously to give up the character on that score) affords a pleasant instance of Shakespeare's gay exaggeration in humour; the high spirits of an author taking shape in his writing, as it were. The description of the fellow is capital.

> "This pernicious slave,
> Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
> And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
> And with *no face*, as 't were, outfacing me,
> Cries out, I was possess'd."

That touch of the "no face" sets the man, with his attenuated vacant countenance and glaring eyes, palpably before us.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

VII.

Proofs of Early Origin.

. . . Another proof [that this is one of the dramatist's early plays] is the fresh, youthful atmosphere of joke and jest which pervades the whole, a naïve pleasure in what is jocose and laughable for its own sake, and which, not being yet burdened by the weight of years, moves more lightly and more on the surface of things, and without that power and depth of humour which distinguishes the poet's maturer works. The action is represented more from the side of its outward form and direct appearance, but, so to say, only in coloured outlines—light and shade are indicated only by gentle touches—the figures therefore do not stand out with sufficient fulness and clearness, there is still a want of sharpness in the characterisation, of clearness in the grouping, of distinctness in the coherency and in the harmonious connection of the several parts among one another. The frequent occurrence of scenes of quarrel and dispute, occasioned by the perpetual errors and mistakes, reminds one of the original and popular form which comedy assumed, and in which it first met with approbation. Even the striking psychological improbability that the one of the two Menæchmi—Antipholus of Syracuse—should go forth with the express purpose of seeking his lost brother, and that, in spite of all the obvious mistakes of his identity with another exactly like himself, it should never occur to him that he is in the very place where his twin-brother had been cast—might be cited as a proof of the early origin of the piece, were it not so gross, so self-

evident that it could not possibly have escaped the notice of young Shakspeare. This improbability is accordingly made a characteristic feature of the piece, and points to a definite intention on the part of the poet. Why, we have to ask, why did Shakspeare intentionally ignore this improbability? Why did he not give the journey of Antipholus to Ephesus some other motive? Perhaps because he did not consider it necessary in mere comedy—where all is intended for pure fun and laughter—to take any heed of things which would only strike and offend mere reflecting reason, and not at all affect the poetical conception; perhaps, however, for another and deeper reason.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VIII.

A Legitimate Farce.

The myriad-minded man, our, and all men's, Shakespeare, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it be possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

In this play Shakspere gayly confronts improbabilities, and requires the spectator to accept them. He adds to the twins Antipholus the twins Dromio. If we are in for improbability, let us at least be repaid for it by fun, and have that in abundance. Let the incredible become a twofold incredibility, and it is none the worse. We may conclude that, while Shakspere was ready to try his hand upon a farcical subject, a single experiment satisfied him that this was not his province, for to such subjects he never returned.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Until I saw it on the stage, (not mangled into an opera,) I had not imagined the extent of the mistakes, the drollery of them, their unabated continuance, till, at the end of the fourth act, they reached their climax with the assistance of Dr. Pinch, when the audience in their laughter rolled about like waves. . . . To the strange contrast of grave astonishment among the actors, with their laughable situations in the eyes of the spectators, who are let into the secret, is to be ascribed the irresistible effect.

BROWN: *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems.*

The *Comedy of Errors* not only surpasses the *Menæchmi* in the greater complexity of its plot, its greater variety of incident, but also in its more generous treatment of human nature. Not that elaborately wrought-out characters are to be sought in it; for this, it must be remembered, is Shakespeare's most absolutely comic, and almost farcical play, and in this particular class of work he never handled the incisive tool of an engraver, like Molière—his pencil runs galloping over the canvas with a light fantastic touch; and this play is, moreover, one of his most youthful performances.

STAPFER: *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity.*

The Comedy of Errors.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SOLINUS, *duke of Ephesus.*
ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers and sons to*
ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse,* } *Ægeon and Æmilia.*
DROMIO *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers and attendants*
DROMIO *of Syracuse,* } *on the two Antipholuses.*
BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*
ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*
First Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*
Second Merchant, *to whom Angelo is a debtor.*
PINCH, *a schoolmaster.*

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.
ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*
LUCIANA, *her sister.*
LUCE, *servant to Adriana.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

The Comedy of Errors.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,

Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd

But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Mart.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;

For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me!

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:

My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They 'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I 'll practice to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dro. E. Nay, he 's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd'; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault; he 's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?
Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.
Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I 'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what 's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there 's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let 's hear it.

Dro. S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear selfs better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Ant. of S. "Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk; '

The Comedy of Errors. Act 2, Scene 2.

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unless it be by inspiration.

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.

Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I 'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain that would face me down;
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You 're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common: that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I 'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate!

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] 'Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that 's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?
Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.
Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.
Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?
Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr. [*Within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I 'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here 's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;

And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there 's the house: that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

Ang. I 'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthly-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I 'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take them, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That 's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I 'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?
Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast:

not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say Sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that 's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus from the courtezan's.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.
Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope.
[*Exit.*
Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.
Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.
Ang. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.
Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you 'll answer me or no:
If not I 'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet foresworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse; a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the Judgement, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.
Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he 's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?
Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?
Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?
Adr. What, the chain?
Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.
Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he 's worth to season.
Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana with a purse.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for.
What, have you got the picture of old Adam
new-apparelled?
Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?
Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but
that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in
the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal;
he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,
and bid you forsake your liberty.
Ant. S. I understand thee not.
Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went,
like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man,

sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!'

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus,
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me'; that 's as much to say, 'God make

me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We 'll mend our dinner here?

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I 'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A street.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?
Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.
Ant. E. But where 's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Pinch.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorned you.
Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master: cry, The devil!
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan.*

Say now; whose suit is he arrested at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords.
Let 's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away! they 'll kill us.

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that

claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart
to stay here still, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A street before a Priory.

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him;
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oath so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.
Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, and sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took his place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit.*
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity,
Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; Ægeon bareheaded; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly went on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while,
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.
Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!
Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befal my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbess.*

Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son

Abb. "Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty."

Comedy of Errors. Act 5, Scene 1.

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Luciana*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man:
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I 'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*

Dro. E. "Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth."

Comedy of Errors. Act 5, Scene 1.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we 'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Advised, well informed of, deliberate concerning; V. i. 214.
Albeit, although; V. i. 217.
Amain, with might and main; I. i. 93.
Anatomy, skeleton; V. i. 238.
Angels; an angel was an English coin, worth about ten shillings; IV. iii. 39.

From a specimen of the time of Elizabeth.

Apparently, obviously; IV. i. 78.
Armadoes, armadas; III. ii. 138.
A-row, in a row, one after another, V. i. 170.
Assured, affianced; III. ii. 143.
Attach, arrest; IV. i. 6.
Attaint, disgrace; III. ii. 16.
Austerley, seriously; IV. ii. 2.

Back-friend, an adversary; perhaps applied quibblingly to the sergeant, "because he comes from behind to arrest one"; IV. ii. 37.
Ballast, ballasted, loaded; III. ii. 139.
Band, bond (used equivocally); IV. ii. 49.
Beads, rosary; II. ii. 189.
Bear, carry off; V. i. 8.
Become, render becoming; III. ii. 11.
Belike, 'tis likely; IV. i. 25.
Bestow, employ, make use of; IV. i. 16.
Bestowed, stowed, deposited; I. ii. 78.
Bestrid; "b. thee," *i.e.* "defended thee when fallen"; V. i. 192.
Board, table; III. ii. 18.
Bought and sold, deluded and overreached by foul practices; III. i. 72.

By; "send me by some token"; a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom, meaning "give me some token whereby I may show that you have sent me"; IV. i. 56.

Caracks, galleons, large ships of burden; III. ii. 138.

From an engraving in Halliwell's Folio Edition.

Caract, carat; IV. i. 28.

Carcanet, necklace; III. i. 4.

Careful, full of care; V. i. 298.

Carriage, bearing: III. ii. 14.

Carved, made amorous gestures; II. ii. 119.

Case; "an action upon the *case* is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law"; IV. ii. 42.

Cates, dainties; III. i. 28.

Charged, gave in charge; III. i. 8.

Chargeful, expensive; IV. i. 29.

Children (trisyllabic); V. i. 360.

Choleric; the choleric man was advised "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as might aggravate his malignant humours"; II. ii. 62.

Circumstance, detail; V. i. 16.

Claim; "my heaven's claim," *i.e.* "all that I claim from heaven hereafter"; III. ii. 64.

From a Sixteenth Century Venetian specimen.

Clean, entirely; I. i. 134.
Coil, ado; III. i. 48.
Coldly, coolly; V. i. 272.
Common; "make a c. of," *i.e.* "use as a playground"; II. ii. 29.
Compact of, wholly composed of; III. ii. 22.
Companion (used contemptuously), fellow; IV. iv. 64.
Conceit, conception; III. ii. 34. apprehension; IV. ii. 65.
Confiscate, confiscated; I. i. 21.
Confounds, destroys; I. ii. 38.
Confusion, ruin; II. ii. 181.
Consort, to keep company with; I. ii. 28.
Countermands, stops one going through; IV. ii. 37.
Cozenage, cheating; I. ii. 97.
Credit, credulity; III. ii. 22.
Curtal, having a docked tail; III. ii. 148 (*cp.* "turn i' the wheel").
Customers (used contemptuously), visitors, guests; IV. iv. 63.
Cuts; papers cut of unequal lengths, of which the longest was usually the prize; hence, "to draw cuts = to draw lots"; V. i. 422.

Dankish, dampish; V. i. 247.
Deadly, deathly; IV. iv. 96.
Death; "the death," *i.e.* "death by judicial sentence"; I. i. 147.
Debted, indebted; IV. i. 31.
Deciphers, distinguishes; V. i. 334.
Decline, incline; III. ii. 44.
Declining, inclining; III. ii. 136.
Defeatures, disfigurements; II. i. 98; V. i. 299.
Deformed, deforming; V. i. 298.
Demean, conduct; IV. iii. 82.
Denied (followed by a tautological negative); IV. ii. 7.
Despite of; "in d. of mirth," *i.e.* "though I feel despiteful towards mirth"; III. i. 108.
Detain, withhold; II. i. 107
Dilate, narrate; I. i. 123.
Disannul, annul; I. i. 145.
Discharged, paid; IV. i. 32.
Dispense with, put up with; II. i. 103.
Dispose, disposal; I. i. 21.
Disposed, disposed of; I. ii. 73.
Distain'd, sullied, disgraced; II. ii. 147.
Distemperatures, distempers; V. i. 82.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 41.
Diviner, sorceress; III. ii. 142.
Dowsabel, a poetic name, used occasionally in Elizabethan writers generically for a beautiful lass (*douce et belle*); ironically applied by Dromio of Syracuse to the wench whose real name is Nell; IV. i. 110.
Draws dry-foot, traces the scent of the game; "perhaps so called because, according to sportsmen, in water the scent is lost"; IV. ii. 39.
Dry, hard, severe; II. ii. 63.
Durance; v. "everlasting garment"; IV. iii. 26.

Earnest; used quibblingly with reference to the sense of "earnest-money"; II. ii. 24.
Ecstasy, frenzy, madness; IV. iv. 54.
Everlasting garment, alluding to "the buff jerkin" of the sergeant,—"a suit of durance" as it was called; IV. ii. 33.
Excrement, outgrowth (applied to hair); II. ii. 79.
Exempt, separated; II. ii. 172.

Fair, fairness, beauty; II. i. 98.
Faith; "breast . . . of faith" ("flint has been adopted by some editors, but there is not sufficient reason for the change; by faith men resisted a witch's power); III. ii. 148.
Fall, let fall; II. ii. 127.
Falsing, (?) apt to be falsified; II. ii. 95.
Fine and recovery; a legal term, said to be "the strongest assurance known to English law"; II. ii. 74.
Finger; "to put the f. in the eye," *i.e.* "to weep in a childish way"; II. ii. 205.
Fly pride; "a proverbial phrase, by which Dromio rebukes the woman, whom he thinks a cheat, for accusing his master of cheating"; IV. iii. 80.
Folded, concealed; III. ii. 36.
Fond, doting; II. i. 116.
Fondly, foolishly; IV. ii. 57.
Fool-begg'd, foolishly begged or demanded; II. i. 41.
Formal, ordinary, rational; V. i. 105.
Forswore; "forswore to have," *i.e.* "swore that he did not have"; V. i. 11.
Forth; "to find f.," *i.e.* "to find out"; I. ii. 37; away from home; II. ii. 211.
For why, because; III. ii. 104.
Fraughtage, freight; IV. i. 87.

Genius, attending spirit; V. i. 332.
Get within, close with, grapple with; V. i. 34.
Gillian = Juliana; III. i. 31.
Ginn = Jenny; III. i. 31.
Good now = good fellow now (others explain the phrase as equivalent to "well now"); IV. iv. 22.
Gossip, make merry; V. i. 407.
Gossiping, merry-making (with a probable reference to original sense, a sponsors' feast); V. i. 419.
Gossips, sponsors; V. i. 405.
Grain; "in grain," *i.e.* "ingrained, deeply dyed"; III. ii. 107.
Grained, furrowed (like the grain of wood); V. i. 311.
Growing, accruing; IV. i. 8.
Guilders; Dutch coins of the value of about two shillings; used in a general sense for "money"; I. i. 8.

Harlots, lewd fellows; V. i. 205.

Hatch, half-door, wicket; III. i. 33.
Healthful, full of safety; I. i. 115.
Heart's meteors; "alluding to those meteors in the sky (the aurora borealis) which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock"; IV. ii. 6.
Heir (with a play upon hair, *cf.* Preface); III. ii. 125.
Hell, used quibblingly; the cant term for an obscure dungeon; IV. ii. 40.
Helpless, unavailing; II. i. 39.
His, its; II. i. 110.
Hit of, hit on, guess; III. ii. 30.
Holp, helped; IV. i. 22.
Horn-mad; "mad like a wicked bull; generally used with a reference to cuckoldry"; II. i. 58.
Host; "lay at h. in," *i.e.* "were put up at"; V. i. 410.
Host, lodge; I. ii. 9.
Hoy, a small vessel, a kind of sloop; IV. iii. 39.

Impeach, impeachment; V. i. 269.
Important, importunate; V. i. 138.
Instance, indication; I. i. 65.
Intestine, internal; I. i. 11.

Jest upon, trifle with; II. ii. 28.
Judgement; "before the J.," there is perhaps a quibbling allusion in the phrase to what is called *mesne-process*; IV. ii. 40.

Kitchen'd, entertained in the kitchen; V. i. 415.

Lapland; Shakespeare's sole reference to Lapland sorcerers (*cp.* Milton's "Lapland witches"); IV. iii. 11.
Lash'd, scourged (with perhaps a reference to "lashed" in the sense of "fastened, bound"); II. i. 15.
Lets, hinders; II. i. 105.
Liberties, libertinisms, "l. of sin," *i.e.* "licensed offenders"; I. ii. 102.
Light, wanton (used equivocally); IV. iii. 51.
Limbo; a cant term for "prison," properly, "hell," or "the borders of hell"); IV. ii. 32.
Love-springs, shoots of love; III. ii. 3.

Mace, a sergeant's club; IV. iii. 28.
Made, barred; III. i. 93.
Making, outward form; IV. ii. 22.
Malt-horse; a dull, heavy horse, like a brewer's, used contemptuously; III. i. 32.
Mated; used quibblingly in the sense of "confounded," and "given as a mate"; III. ii. 54.
Mermaid, siren; III. ii. 45.
Mickle, much; III. i. 45.
Minion, favourite (used contemptuously), darling; IV. iv. 63; *pl.* II. i. 87.
Mome, buffoon; III. i. 32.

Mood, anger; II. ii. 171.
Morris-pike, a Moorish pike; IV. iii. 28.
Mortal, deadly; I. i. 11.
Motions, proposals; I. i. 60.
Mountebanks; "prating m."; I. ii. 101; *cp.* the following woodcut:—

From an early black-letter ballad in the collection of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, Esq.

Moves, appeals to; II. ii. 182.

Nature, natural affection; I. i. 35.
New-apparelled (*vide* Notes); IV. iii. 14.
Nicks; "n. him like a fool," alluding to the old custom of shaving, nicking, or notching the head of a professional buffoon; V. i. 175.

O'er-raught, overcalled, cheated; I. ii. 96.

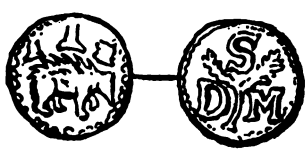
Of, out of, from; I. i. 131; "wreck of sea" (so first Folio, the rest "at sea") = off, out at sea; V. i. 49.
On; "on night," *i.e.* "a night"; V. i. 210.
Once this; "so much is certain"; III. i. 89.

Duke of Suffolk's fool (*temp.* Henry VIII). From Brydges's *Memoirs of the Peers of England.*

Order, measures; V. i. 146.

Other; "no other cause," *i.e.* "no cause to be otherwise"; II. i. 33.
Owe, own; III. i. 42.

Pack'd, leagued; V. i. 219.
Parcel, part; V. i. 106.
Part, depart; III. i. 67.
Partial; "I am not p. to infringe," *i.e.* "I am not so inclined in your behalf as to infringe"; I. i. 4.
Passage, the going to and fro of people; III. i. 99.
Patch, fool, jester; III. i. 32.
Peasant, servant; V. i. 231.
Peevish, foolish; IV. i. 93.
Penitent, doing penance; I. ii. 52.
Perdie, par dieu! IV. iv. 74.
Perforce, by force; IV. iii. 94.
Peruse, survey; I. ii. 13.
Plainings, wailings; I. i. 73.
Please, pay; IV. iv. 52.
Porpentine, Porcupine (the only form of the word used by Shakespeare); III. i. 116.



From a leaden token in the collection of the late C. Roach Smith, Esq.

Post, post-haste; I. ii. 63.
Post; used quibblingly; an allusion to keeping the score by chalk or notches on a post; I. ii. 64.
Presently, immediately; III. ii. 150.

Quit, remit; I. i. 23.

Rag, shred, particle; IV. iv. 89.
Rest; "sets up his rest"; Dromio plays on "rest," "arrest," and a metaphor, "setting up his rest," taken from gaming, and meaning "staking his all" upon an event; IV. iii. 27.
Reverted, turned back; III. ii. 124.
Road, harbour; III. ii. 150.
Round; used quibblingly in the sense of (1) "spherical," and (2) "plain-spoken"; II. i. 82.
Runs counter; follows the scent backward instead of forward; with a play perhaps upon "Counter," the name of two London prisons; IV. ii. 39.

Sconce, a helmet (originally a small fort, bulwark), applied also to the head itself; I. ii. 79; II. ii. 34; II. ii. 37.
Scorch, excoriate; V. i. 183.
Season, opportunity; "to s." = "at the opportune time"; IV. ii. 58.
Semblance, (trisyllabic); V. i. 358.
Sensible (used equivocally in ordinary sense and in sense of "sensitive") IV. iv. 28.
Sere, dry, withered; IV. ii. 19.
Shapeless, unshapely; IV. ii. 20.

Shrive, call to confession; II. ii. 209.
Sinking-ripe, ripe for sinking, ready to sink; I. i. 78.
Sir-reverence; a corruption of "save-reverence" (contracted into "sa'-reverence") a translation of Lat. *salvâ reverentiâ; save-reverence* or *save your reverence* was considered "a sufficient apology for anything indecorous"; III. ii. 91.
Sob (first Folio reads "fob," *i.e.* sob, probably an error for "fob," which was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of a slight blow); IV. iii. 25.
Soon, nearly; "s. at five o'clock," *i.e.* "about five o'clock"; I. ii. 26.
Soothe, humour; IV. iv. 82.
Sorry, pitiable, sad; V. i. 121.
Sot, dolt; II. ii. 195.
Sour (dissyllabic; "sower" in the Folios); V. i. 45.
Spite, vexation; IV. ii. 8.
Spoon-meat (used equivocally, to introduce allusion to the proverb, "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"); IV. iii. 60.
Stale; "second woman," the one to fall back on if another is not to be had; II. i. 101.
Stands upon, concerns; IV. i. 68.
Stigmatical, marked or stigmatized with deformity; IV. ii. 22.
Stomach, appetite; I. ii. 49.
Stray'd caused to stray; V. i. 51.
Strong; "s. escape," *i.e.* "escape effected by *strength,* or violence"; V. i. 148.
Strumpeted, made a strumpet of; II. ii. 145.
Stuff, baggage; IV. iv. 153.
Supposed, conjectured; III. i. 101.
Suspect, suspicion; III. i. 87.
Sympathized, mutually suffered; V. i. 397.

Take; "t. a house," *i.e.* "take sanctuary in a house"; V. i. 36.
Tartar, Tartarian; it is noteworthy that Tartarian was a cant term for "thief"; IV. ii. 32.
Tilting, v. *Heart's Meteors.*
Timely, speedy; I. i. 139.
Tiring, attiring; II. ii. 98.
To, of; III. ii. 168.
Took on him as, pretended to be; V. i. 242.
Train, entice; III. ii. 45.
Turn i' the wheel; "there is comprehended, under the curs of the coarsest kind, a certain dog in kitchen service excellent; for when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turning round about with the weight of their bodies, so diligently look to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feat more cunningly." (Topsell, *History of Four-footed beasts,* 1607); III. ii. 149.

From a representation taken by Wigstead from an inn in Wales, at the close of the last century.

Understand (used quibblingly with a play upon "understand" = "stand under"); II. ii. 49.

Ungalled, unblemished; III. i. 102.

Unhappy, mischievous; IV. iv. 127.

Untuned, discordant; V. i. 310.

Vain, light of tongue; III. ii. 27.

Villain (used good-humouredly); I. ii. 19.

Vulgar, public; III. i. 100.

Waftage, passage; IV. i. 95.

Wafts, beckons; II. ii. 110.

Week; perhaps with a play upon "wick" (pronounced like "week"); III. ii. 100.

Well-advised, acting with due deliberation, in right mind; II. ii. 214.

When? Can you tell? "a proverbial inquiry indicating the improbability that the person addressed will get what he asks"; III. i. 52.

When as, whenas, *i.e.* when; IV. iv. 140.

Whether (monosyllabic, printed "whe'r" in the Folios); IV. i. 60.

Wink, to shut the eyes; III. ii. 58.

Wont, is wont (to bear); IV. iv. 40.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 55. *'meaner,'* S. Walker's conjecture; Folio 1 *'meane,'* Folio 2 *'poor meane.'*

I. i. 79. *'the latter-born'*; line 125 below seems to imply that this should be 'elder-born,' a change adopted by Rowe; but probably 'the children became exchanged in the confusion during the breaking-up of the ship.'

I. ii. 41. *'the almanac of my true date,'* because both were born in the same hour.

I. ii. 64. *'I shall be post indeed'*; a post stood in the middle of the shop, on which the scores of the customers were *scored,* or marked with chalk or notches.

I. ii. 66. *'clock'*; Pope's emendation for *'cook,'* the reading of the Folios.

II. i. 109-113. These lines read as follows in the Folio:—

> *'I see the Iewell best enameled*
> *Will loose his lustre; yet the gold bides still*
> *That others touch, and often touching will,*
> *Where gold and no man that hath a name,'* etc.

The change of *where* to *wear* in the last line has been generally accepted, as also *and though* for *yet* in the second line; *yet* for *and* in the third; *and so a man* for *and no man* in the fourth; Warburton paraphrases this passage thus emended:—"Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* (*i.e.* assaying) will wear even gold: just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may in time be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption." The Cambridge editors wisely abstain from these wholesale emendations, though so far no satisfactory explanation has been given of the lines. May not the meaning of the passage depend on some such interpretation as this:—The wife (the jewel) soon loses her beauty and ceases to attract, but man (the gold) still stands the test, assayed by other women, and although gold wears out if assayed

too often, yet a man of good reputation is not shamed by his falsehood and corruption. 'Wherefore,' says Adriana, 'since I (the jewel) cannot please his eye, I'll weep what's left away,' etc.

II. ii. 89. *'jollity'*; Staunton suggested that the reading is an error for *'policy,'* and the reading has been adopted by some modern editors.

II. ii. 119. As the line stands, it reads as an Alexandrine. Walker suggested *carv'd thee* for *carved to thee*; others propose the omission of *to thee*; neither change seems desirable.

II. ii. 147. *'I live distain'd, thou undishonoured'*; so read the Folios; *distain'd* has been changed to *unstain'd* in most modern editions; Heath proposed *'I live distained, thou dishonoured.'* The line as it stands in the text seems to mean, 'I live distained (*i.e.* stained), if untrue to my marriage vows; you, however, live undishonoured, however false you may be.'

II. ii. 186. *'this are sure uncertainty'*; *i.e.* 'This to her surely a thing uncertain.'

II. ii. 191. The second folio reads *'and Elves Sprites,'* which Rowe altered to *Elvish sprites,* a reading adopted by most editors. Theobald proposed to change *owls* to *ouphes.*

II. ii. 195. *'thou drone,'* Theobald's emendation; Folio 1 *'thou Dromio.'*

II. ii. 200. *''tis to an ass'*; the words remind one of Bottom's transformation in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

III. i. 53. *'If thy name be called Luce'*; *'Luce'* = 'pike'; there is perhaps a play upon 'pike' in the sense of 'spear,' *cp. 'Shall I set in my staff?'* line 51.

III. i. 54. Probably a line has been lost rhyming with this; the rhyming word was perhaps *rope.*

III. ii. 66. *'I am thee'*; this reading of the Folio may surely, without risk, be emended:—*'I aim thee,' i.e. 'I aim at thee'*; the transitive use of *aim* is found in Elizabethan writers.

III. ii. 124. *'armed and reverted, making war against her heir'*; Folio 2 substituted *hair* for *heir,* but the play upon words is the whole point of the passage, an allusion being intended to the War of the League against Henry of Navarre, the heir of Henry III. of France, whose cause was supported by Elizabeth; in 1591 she sent a body of 4,000 men under Essex to help him. "Mistress Nell's brazen forehead seemed to push back her rough and rebellious hair, as France resisted the claim of the Protestant heir to the throne" (Clarke).

English enthusiasm for Henry of Navarre found expression, too, in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* (*cp.* Preface).

As regards the peculiar use of *reverted, i.e.* 'turned back,' Schmidt suggests that there may be a play upon the sense of 'fallen to another proprietor.'

IV. i. 21. *'I buy a thousand pound a year'*; some point in these words, familiar to Shakespeare's audience, is lost to us, and no satisfactory explanation has as yet been given, though Halliwell's comparison of the line with 3 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. 144, is noteworthy:—

> *"A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,*
> *To make this shameless callet know herself."*

IV. ii. 35. *'A fiend, a fury'*; the Folios read *'fairy,'* corrected by Theobald, who has been followed by most editors, including the Cambridge editors; a strong case can, however, be made for the original reading (*e.g. cp. Hamlet*, I. i. 161-163).

IV. ii. 61. *'If Time be in debt'*; the Folios read *'If I,'* where *I* is probably an error for *'a* (*i.e. he*) or *he*; the reading in the text is Rowe's emendation.

IV. iii. 13. *'What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?' 'The picture of old Adam'* = the sergeant, who was clad *'in buff'*; in Elizabethan slang this latter phrase was used in the sense of 'bare skin,' *i.e.* 'naked'; hence the quibble. *New-apparelled* offers some difficulty, and depends on the general construction of the whole line. It has been ingeniously suggested that the idea is 'got him a new *suit,' i.e.* 'got rid of him.' On the other hand, there is a possibility that the phrase *'what have you got?'* is a vulgarism for *'What have you done with?'* Theobald proposed to read *'What, have you got rid of the picture,'* etc. In the latter cases *new-apparelled* must be regarded as merely a descriptive epithet, the whole phrase *'the picture of old Adam new-apparelled'* being an elaborate circumlocution for 'sergeant.'

IV. iii. 58. *'We'll mend our dinner,' i.e.* 'we'll buy something more for our dinner.'

IV. iv. 45. *'the prophecy like the parrot, beware the rope's end'*; the Cambridge editors most ingeniously conjecture that we should read:—

> *"or, rather, 'prospice funem,' beware the rope's-end.*
> *Antipholus of E. Wilt thou still talk like the parrot?"*

Dyce proposed, *'or, rather, to prophecy like,'* etc.

Parrots were taught uncomplimentary remarks in Elizabethan times as they are at present; there are many allusions to the very phrase in the text: Ralpho, in Butler's *Hudibras,*

> *" Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,*
> *That speak, but think contrary clean;*
> *What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
> *When they cry* rope, *and* walk, knave, walk."

V. i. 46. *'And much different,'* etc., the second Folio, for the sake of the metre, reads *much, much*; a reading which does not commend itself; *too much* has been conjectured. The line as it stands is certainly doubtful; *different* does not occur in Shakespeare.

V. i. 66. *'glanced it'*; Pope's conjectural *at it* is unnecessary, though *glance* in the sense *to hint,* used transitively, does not otherwise occur; Folio 1 does not elide the *ed* of *glanced.*

V. i. 79. *'But moody and dull melancholy'*; something is obviously amiss with the line; *moody moping* has been suggested. *Kinsman* in the next line is used in its general sense of *akin,* which some editors have unnecessarily substituted; it has even been changed to *kins-woman.*

V. i. 170. *'Beaten the maids,'* etc., *i.e. have beaten*; but the previous verb has *are*—a confusion of constructions which causes little difficulty, and fairly common in Elizabethan English.

V. i. 310. *'my feeble key of untuned cares?' i.e.* 'the feeble tone of my voice, which gives utterance to nothing but unharmonious grief.'

V. i. 388. *'these* ERRORS *are arose,'* so the Folios; *are* has been variously changed by scholars into *all, rare,* but no change is necessary; as far as rhythm is concerned the Folio reading is certainly preferable.

V. i. 400. *'Thirty-three years'*; this reading of the Folios has been changed to *twenty-five* by most editors, following Theobald, who calculates the age of the twins by putting together what Ægeon says in Act. I. i. 125 and in line 320 of Act V. Capell suggested *twenty-three,* from Act I. i. line 125 and line 133. On the other hand, the Duke states in line 326 of the present Act that he has been patron to Antipholus for 'twenty years'; it looks as though Shakespeare changed his idea as to the age of the twins towards the end of the play, without troubling to make all his references fit in with one another.

V. i. 402. *'burthen ne'er,'* Dyce; Folio 1, *'burthen are.'*

V. i. 404. *'And you the calendars of their nativity;'* *i.e.* the two Dromios; *cp.* 'Here comes the almanac of my true date,' I. ii. 41.

V. i. 406. *'After so long grief, such nativity!'* the labouring line harmonizes well with the emotion of the speaker; the line is evidently intended to be read as follows:—

'After | so long | grief, súch | nativ | ity.'

There seems no reason for changing *nativity,* though Hanmer's conjecture *felicity* has been accepted by most editors; Johnson proposed *festivity.*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

1. The paternal Ægeon resembles the Egeus of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, as in name so in position and function in the play; introduced with a Duke judicial in the first Scene, he supplies the place of prologue, and only reappears, after the development of the situations he set forth into a wild succession of ingenious entanglements, to assist at and witness their final evolution with surprise and satisfaction.

13 *et seq. It hath in solemn synods been decreed,* etc.:—"The offence which Ægeon had committed," says Knight, "and the penalty which he had incurred, are pointed out with a minuteness by which the Poet doubtless intended to convey his sense of the gross injustice of such enactments. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, written most probably about the same period as *The Comedy of Errors*, the jealousies of commercial states, exhibiting themselves in violent decrees and impracticable regulations, are also depicted by the same powerful hand":—

Tranio. Of Mantau, sir? marry, God forbid!
Pedant. Of Mantua.
Tranio. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Pedant. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tranio. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

52 *et seq. the one so like the other,* etc.:—Knight remarks: "In Plautus we have no broken-hearted father bereft of both his sons: he is dead; and the grandfather changes the name of the one child who remains to him. Shakespeare does not stop to tell us how the twin-brothers bear the same name; nor does he explain the matter any more in the case of the Dromios, whose introduction upon the scene is his own creation. In Plautus, the brother, Menæchmus Sosicles, who remained with the grandsire, comes to Epidamnum, in search of his twin-brother who was stolen, and he is accompanied by his servant Messenio; but all the perplexities that are so naturally occasioned by the confusion of the two twin-servants are entirely wanting. The mistakes are carried on by the '*meretrix, uxor, et socer*' (softened by Warner into 'father, wife, neighbours')." On this point of the perplexities Lloyd says: "The entire action of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus is generated by the mistaken identities and twin brothers; and of like nature is the mainspring of *The Comedy of Errors,* and the importance which a mere casualty and coincidence asserts for itself in the action, is an original quality in the stuff of the play that would render a varied display of fine characterization, inappropriate at least, if not impossible. But the poet who chooses a theme of restricted capability, is at least bound to avail himself to the utmost of what capability it has; that this was not done by Plautus is proved by the comedy of Shakespeare which complicates the source of embarrassment—the personal resemblance of two masters, by the addition of a pair of servants equally undistinguishable; and most triumphantly overcomes all the difficulty of the double complication carried out to the most extravagant pitch of mistakes and misconception. The reader and still more the spectator, enjoys the perplexities of a well-filled scene while he never falls into perplexity himself."

88. *towards Corinth*:—"Towards," says Hudson, "is one or two syllables, and has the accent on the first or second syllable, indifferently in Shakespeare, according to the needs of his verse. Here it is two syllables, with the accent on the first."

152. *beneficial help*:—"Assistance rendered out of charity or kindness."

155. *if no*:—*No*, which is the reading of the first Folio, was formerly often used for *not*.

Scene II.

97 *et seq.* "Steevens considered that the description of Ephesus in *The Comedy of Errors*,

'They say this town is full of cozenage,' etc.

was derived from Warner's translation, where 'ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, coney-catchers, sycophants, and courtesans,' are found; the *voluptarii, potatores, sycophantæ, palpatores*, and *meretrices* of Plautus. But the 'jugglers,' 'sorcerers,' 'witches,' of Shakespeare are not these. With his exquisite judgement, Shakespeare gave Ephesus more characteristic 'liberties of sin.'" Lloyd remarks that "the description is in accordance with various classical notices of Ephesian practice, but inasmuch as it is still more so with the account in the Acts of the Apostles of the exorcists in that city, Jewish and other, we cannot argue from the passage either in favour of the classical acquirements of Shakespeare, or against his originality if these are denied him. We see at least the Poet's motive for transferring his *Comedy of Errors* to a locality where such errors would most alarm and bewilder, and professors of exorcism like our zealous anatomy Pinch, be within call."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

4. *Luciana*:—A fair reward is by the introduction of this character provided for Antipholus, the traveller—a pleasing scene of love-making, although a little at cross purposes, and the prospect of a wedding at last, the only true benediction to the fortunes of a comedy. Richard Grant White says that in the substitution of Luciana, the sister of Adriana, for the Father of the Latin comedy, we very surely have an indication of Shakespeare's dramatic skill; the expostulations which he puts into the mouth of the young woman are far more convincing and to the purpose than the reproaches which Plautus makes the old man deal out to both husband and wife.

30. *start some other where?*—That is, somewhere else. The sense seems to be, how if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?

32. *though she pause*:—"Meaning, I suppose," says Hudson, "that it is no wonder if patience keeps *quiet when* she has nothing to fret or disturb her."

33. *that have no other cause*:—That is, *no cause* to be otherwise.

41. *fool-begg'd patience,* etc.:—Referring to the old custom of soliciting the guardianship of fools and idiotic persons with a view to their property. The king, being the legal guardian of such persons, might make over the trust to whom he pleased; and relatives or other interested parties would beg the office.

95. *master of my state*:—*State* here means *estate.* This usage was frequent in Shakespeare's day.

98. *Of my defeatures*:—Cotgave has "Un visage desfaict: *Growne very leane, pale, wan, or decayed in feature and colour.*" It occurs again in the last Act; and is also used by the Poet in *Venus and Adonis*:—

> "To mingle beauty with infirmities,
> And pure perfection with impure *defeature.*"

Scene II.

38. *and insconce it too*:—To *insconce* was to *hide,* to protect as with a fort.

62. *Lest it make you choleric*:—Meats overdone in cooking were supposed to induce this condition. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

> "I tell thee, Kate 'twas burnt and dried away;
> And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
> For it engenders *choler,* planteth anger."

82, 83. *there's many a man,* etc.:—The following lines upon Suckling's *Aglaura,* printed in folio, may serve to illustrate this proverbial sentence:—

> "This great voluminous pamphlet may be said
> To be like one that hath more hair than head;
> More excrement than body:—trees which sprout
> With broadest leaves have still the smallest fruit."

84, 85. *hath the wit to lose his hair*:—An allusion to the effects of the so-called French disease, which caused loss of hair.

172. *you are from me exempt*:—Shakespeare uses the word *exempt* in 1 *Henry VI.*, II. iv., in a similar sense:—

> "And, by his treason, stand'st thou not attainted,
> Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry?"

So in *The Triumph of Honour*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

> "Hard-hearted Dorigen! yield, lest for contempt
> They fix you there a rock whence they're *exempt*."

175. *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine*:—So Milton's *Paradise Lost*, v. 215: "They led the vine to wed her elm: she, spoused, about him twines her marriageable arms." Thus also in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*: "The female ivy so enrings the barky fingers of the elm." Douce observes that there is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the *parasite* plants here named its *concubines*. See also Ovid's tale of Vertumnus and Pomona.

179. *idle moss*:—That is, *unfruitful*. So in *Othello*, I. iii.: "Antres vast and deserts *idle*."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

6, 7. *would face me down*, etc.:—The meaning, according to Hudson, is: "Would *convince* me *that* he met me on the mart, and that I beat him."

15. *Marry*:—This interjection is a short way of putting the old form of swearing or affirming by the Virgin Mary. It thus evolved into a common exclamation of the Elizabethan period.

60. *a pair of stocks*:—The stocks were a rude device for the punishment of evil-doers. The device consisted of timbers or boards with holes cut in them. The boards were held between upright posts. The offender's feet were thrust through the holes in the boards and securely fastened.

83. *we'll pluck a crow together*:—To pluck a crow with any one was to quarrel or fight with him; a proverbial phrase.

95. *let us to the Tiger*:—An inn of that name. *Centaur* and *Phœnix*, already mentioned, were likewise inns.

Scene II.

3. *love-springs*:—Shakespeare uses this term again in *Venus and Adonis*: "This canker that eats up Love's tender *spring*." And in the *Rape of Lucrece*: "To dry the old oak's sap and cherish *springs*."

52. By *Love* here is meant Venus, *Queen* of love. In *Venus and Adonis* she says:—

> "Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
> Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire."

110 *et seq. Nell, sir;* etc.:—Of course there is a quibble between *a Nell* and *an ell*; referring to an ell Flemish, which is three-quarters of a yard.

166. *guilty to self-wrong*:—So in *The Winter's Tale*: "But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty to* what we wildly do."

184. *So fair an offer'd chain*:—A chain so fairly offered.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

95. *to hire waftage*:—*Hire* is here a dissyllable, and is spelt *hier* in the old copy.

Scene II.

6. *Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?*—The following in *Paradise Lost*, ii., may be read in connection with the idea underlying these words:—

> "As when, to warn proud cities, war appears,
> Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
> To battle in the clouds, before each van
> Prick forth the aëry knights, and couch their spears,
> Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
> From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

7. *denied*, etc.:—So in *Richard III.*:—

> "You may *deny* that you were *not* the cause
> Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment."

27. *Far from her nest the lapwing cries away*:—This proverbial expression is again alluded to in *Measure for Measure,* I. iv. 32.

33. *everlasting garment*:—This characteristic of the buff jerkin is also noted in 1 *Henry IV.*: "And is not a *buff jerkin* a most sweet robe of *durance*?" So also in Davies's *Epigrams*:—

> "Kate, being pleas'd, wish'd that her pleasure could
> Endure as long as a *buff jerkin* would."

38. *lands*:—Shakespeare would have put *lanes* but for the rhyme.

56. *if any hour meet a sergeant*:—*Hour* and *whore* were pronounced alike, or nearly so.

Scene III.

60, 61. *or bespeak a long spoon*:—This proverb, "He who eats with the devil had need of a long spoon," is alluded to again in *The Tempest,* II. ii.

Scene IV.

30. *my long ears*:—Hudson makes this a quibble between *ears* and *years.*

54. *Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!*—This *tremor* was thought to be a sure indication of being possessed by the devil. Caliban, in *The Tempest,* II. ii., says: "Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy *trembling.*"

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

62. *Copy*:—"Copy," says Hudson, "here seems to mean principal topic or theme; that is, the pattern or form after which the conversation was shaped." Steevens has the like explanation. Schmidt suggests, "a law to be followed, a rule to be observed."

81. *at her heels*:—This *her,* referring to *kinsman,* has puzzled the commentators. It was no very unusual thing for such words to be applied to females. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice,* Por-

tia says: "But now I was the *lord* of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants."

138. *important*:—Shakespeare uses this word again in *King Lear*, and in *Much Ado About Nothing*, in the same sense (*importunate*). The Poet gives to Ephesus the custom of *wardship*, so long considered a grievous oppression in England.

192. *bestrid*:—This act of friendship is mentioned by Shakespeare in 1 *Henry IV.*: "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride* me, so; 'tis a point of friendship." Again in 2 *Henry VI.*:—

> "Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
> Three times *bestrid him*; thrice I led him off."

346 *et seq. If I dream not*, etc.:—In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the abbess, follow the speech of the Duke. It is evident that they were transposed by mistake.

356. *his morning story*:—The *morning story* is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first Scene of this play.

Questions on

The Comedy of Errors.

1. What is the date of this play?
2. In what contemporary account is it mentioned?
3. Mention some points of internal evidence that help to establish the date.
4. What Latin author has furnished the basis of this play?
5. In what respects does Shakespeare's play differ?
6. Name the canons of the classic drama that Shakespeare has observed in this play.

ACT FIRST.

7. State the cause of the existing enmity between Ephesus and Syracuse, and tell what legislation has followed, under which Ægeon suffers.
8. How does Ægeon play the part of prologue?
9. Give the parts of his story.
10. Is the first Scene in the key of the rest of the drama?
11. What kind of a play might one reasonably expect from the note here struck?
12. How is the transition made from the sober incidents of the first Scene to the broad comedy of the second?
13. Upon what quest is Antipholus of Syracuse engaged?
14. What is the first misadventure and what misunderstandings does it involve?

ACT SECOND.

15. Contrast the characters of the two sisters as exhibited in the first Scene.
16. What expectations are aroused respecting the part Luciana will play in the comedy?

17. What structural oddities of speech does Dromio of Ephesus affect?

18. What relationship evidently existed between Antipholus of Syracuse and his Dromio?

19. If the Syracusian Dromio shows intellectual qualities differing from the Ephesian, might the masters have been expected to detect the difference and comment on it?

20. What theatrical opportunities does Adriana's long speech (Sc. ii.) afford?

21. In the case of Adriana, has Shakespeare gone outside the absolute demands of farce in embracing an opportunity for characterization?

22. How does the second Act close?

ACT THIRD.

23. Indicate the metrical change in Sc. i.

24. Is its effect humorous?

25. What scene is enacted outside the door of the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?

32. What escape does Antipholus of Syracuse plan?

27. How does Antipholus of Ephesus repay his wife for excluding him from his house?

28. Comment on the mixture of seriousness and drollery in the dialogue (Sc. ii.) between Antipholus of Syracuse and Luciana.

29. Does any other Scene in the play match it in quality? Does the dénouement satisfy the expectations of this Scene?

30. Into what comic plight did Dromio of Syracuse fall at the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?

31. Mention some things in this Scene indicating that this is an early play of Shakespeare's.

32. What escape does Antipholus of Syracuse plan?

33. What mistake is made with the chain?

ACT FOURTH.

34. Indicate the function of the Merchant in accelerating the speed of the complication.

35. When does the *rope* enter as an element of the plot, and what use is made of it in the subsequent action?

36. What difference is precipitated between Angelo and Antipholus of Ephesus?

37. On what second errand is Dromio of Syracuse sent to the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?

38. State the episodic value of the opening dialogue of Sc. ii.

39. Show the complication of misunderstandings presented in the second part of the Scene.

40. Where is the climax of complication involving Antipholus of Syracuse?

41. Mention the various elements that comprise the complication.

42. Mention the various elements that comprise the climax of complications involving Antipholus of Ephesus.

43. State the case from the point of view of the Courtesan.

44. What is the concluding episode of the fourth Scene?

ACT FIFTH.

45. Are the complications presented in the last Act only accessory to those that involve the protagonists, and therefore partake of the nature of resolutions of the plot?

46. What part does the Abbess play in the drama and in the plot?

47. How is the situation with which the play opened recurred to in the last Act?

48. When is the exact moment of solution?

49. Describe Pinch. Of whom is he doubtless a prototype?

50. Comment on his appearance and actions. What was his fate?

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51. Is this play pure farce; or is it mingled with elements of comedy?

52. Swinburne has praised its elegiac qualities. Indicate the parts that may be so described.

53. Contrast the two Antipholuses. Which is the superior in qualities?

54. Do the same for the two Dromios.